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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Our Apathetic Voters

ALL the candidates in this week's Urban Council election must surely have shared one common disappointment — the meagre turn-out of the electorate. The electoral roll this year was enlarged some 60 per cent, yet the increase in the total number of voters who balloted represented only about 10 per cent over the 1953 figure. An official breakdown of the numbers who voted in the three enfranchised classes being unavailable, it can only be estimated what proportion of jurors and what proportion of those on the special registration lists comprised Wednesday's total voters. It does seem reasonably certain that the great majority were those who fall into the class 2 and class 3 categories, in which event the Colony's jurors, who possess automatic voting rights in Urban Council elections, were chiefly responsible for the very small poll. And this can be regarded as surprising inasmuch that the jurors' lists largely comprise members of the so-called White Collar Brigade, for whose interests all of this year's candidates displayed sympathy and concern in varying degrees. Failure on the part of large numbers of jurors to avail themselves of the franchise privilege is not easily explained away. The work of the Urban Council may be of relatively small importance compared with the functions of the Legislative and Executive Councils, but this does not obviate the fact that through the Urban Council elections the Colony has established the important principle of representation by popular vote. It may be true that many did not make use of their vote on Wednesday because they were indifferent as to which candidate won the election, but this again is quite beside the point. Possession of the franchise can rightly be regarded as a privilege, but its exercise is virtually a civic duty. An endeavour was made this year by Government to make the vote more representative, but when only 34 per cent of the total electorate can be said to have voted, it is fairly conclusive that the majority are quite indifferent to the opportunity which the franchise offers them.

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US TO SUSPEND H-BOMB TESTS IN PACIFIC

Working Out New Safety Precautions

London, Mar. 26. British Labour leaders expressed relief tonight that American scientists have halted further hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific till they work out new safety precautions.

Mr Clement Attlee, leader of the Socialist Opposition in Parliament, told Reuter: "I am very glad they have stopped any further experiments for the time being. We are all concerned about this question and we will have to watch the whole thing very closely."

The United States decision to delay testing a second hydrogen bomb came as Socialists were stepping up demands that Sir Winston Churchill should persuade President Eisenhower to take this action.

The Prime Minister will make an important Parliamentary statement next week on the H-bomb tests, which have aroused widespread fears since President Eisenhower, in effect, admitted that the March 1 burst at Bikini had got out of control.

He will probably tell the House of Commons he cannot ask America to completely abandon her experiments and leave Russia free to forge ahead in the weapons race.

Labour Members of Parliament will press Sir Winston Churchill to seek a meeting with President Eisenhower and the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr Malenkov, following the latest Pacific tests.

A flood of questions put forward for next week in the House of Commons are queries of how Britain's civil defence plans to counter the devastation of hydrogen bombs.

One member will ask whether in view of the fact that the last hydrogen bomb effects were felt 1,200 miles from the scene of the explosion, the Government still proposes to encourage spending money on civil defence against atomic bombing.

Civil defence chiefs here fear that reports of the hydrogen bomb will spread deflation throughout their organisation and slow down recruiting.

A Government civil defence spokesman said today: "It is too early yet to tell the results of the hydrogen bomb scare because recruiting figures come in monthly."

Britain now has 305,000 civil defence volunteers, 105,000 short of the peacetime target figure.

Big 3 To Discuss Trade Policies

London, Mar. 26. The Foreign Office said tonight that representatives of Britain, France and the United States would meet here next week to discuss their trade policies towards the Soviet bloc countries.

Discussions with other Western countries would follow later. Mr Harold E. Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, is leaving Washington for London tonight for the talks.

Britain recently suggested increasing trade with Eastern European countries, and has already had preliminary discussions with some Western nations on cutting the list of strategic goods that must not be sent to Russia and other European Communist states.—Reuter.

American Bombers For Indo-China

25 PROMISED

Washington, Mar. 26. The Pentagon announced tonight that 25 B-26 American bombers would be sent to French Indo-China very shortly.

The announcement was made on the occasion of the departure of General Paul Ely, Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces, for Paris following talks with American officials on the situation in Indo-China.

The announcements said the bombers would be despatched in the immediate future to Indo-China on the basis of a temporary loan.

Meanwhile the Defence Department in a statement released to the Press stated that General Ely's visit dealt with a detailed discussion of the current United States programmes for supplying equipment and ammunition to the forces of the French Union fighting in Indo-China.

The statement indicated that General Ely and American military leaders had discussed the contents of the latest communiqué submitted by the French Government to the United States listing its needs in material aid.

The statement went on to say that during his six-day visit here General Ely had conferred with President Eisenhower and with the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, as well as with top-ranking civilian and military leaders, including Defence Secretary Mr Charles Wilson, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the members of the War Relocation Committee. The statement said that General Ely discussed questions of mutual interest to the French General Staff and the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff.

OTHER EQUIPMENT

General Ely also made a report to American military leaders on his recent visit to the Indo-China operational theatre. In addition to the bombers, the United States are planning to send shortly to Indo-China some miscellaneous equipment including ammunition and parachutes. This, it was stated, was a sequel to the normal programme of military assistance which has been in operation for several years.

Later, an informed source said that the first of the 25 B-26 bombers for Indo-China would be leaving the United States within the next fortnight.

The B-26 Douglas Invader is a twin-engine machine with a speed of 370 miles per hour and a range of 1,900 miles. It carries a four-man crew and was used on a big scale in Korea as a night fighter.—France-Press.

Passengers Stranded On Liner

New York, Mar. 26.

Three hundred passengers were stranded aboard an ocean liner in the middle of the Hudson River today when tugboats refused to dock the ship as it arrived from a gay Cuban cruise.

Passengers aboard the liner Empress of Scotland were victims of a strike which has crippled the port of New York for 22 days. Four tugs of the Mesack Towing Company escorted the vessel to the pier but refused to dock her because of a picket line ashore set up by members of the Independent International Longshoremen's Association.

The liner's captain decided not to risk docking the vessel unassisted in today's high winds. So, still escorted by the tugs, the ship proceeded down the river and dropped anchor.

A spokesman for the Canadian Pacific Steamship Ltd. said if the winds and tide were right, an attempt to dock the ship would be made tomorrow morning.

Meanwhile, the "captive" passengers, returning from Havana, were still "at sea" although New York was only a few hundred feet away. Steamship men said no attempt would be made to bring the passengers ashore by launch.

The tugmen's refusal to dock the vessel came shortly after violence flared on the strike-hit waterfront.—United Press.

Pact Deplored

London, Mar. 26.

A resolution "deplored" the recent Anglo-Japanese trade agreement, is to be put forward at the forthcoming Blackpool conference of the Co-operative Party.—China Mail Special.

Cabinet Ministers Resign

Cairo, Mar. 26.

All Egyptian Cabinet Ministers, military and civilian, have tendered their resignations to President Naguib, usually reliable sources said here tonight.

They have been asked to remain in office until General Naguib forms a new all-civilian "neutral caretaker" Cabinet this weekend, the sources said.

The Cabinet's resignation will not be officially announced until the departure of King Saud of Saudi Arabia, who is due to end his state visit to Egypt on Sunday.

All Ministers will go to their offices tomorrow to collect their personal papers, the sources said.

Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, who unsuccessfully opposed President Naguib's drive for a speedy return to Parliamentary life in Egypt, said today he would go back to his Army job in July.—Reuter.

Saboteurs Blow Up Ammunition Dump

London, Mar. 26. Anti-British saboteurs caused a quarter of a million sterling damage when they blew up a British Army ammunition dump, the War Office said today.

But they refused to say when or where the explosion took place, and who was responsible. The giant sabotage loss was revealed in Army accounts for the year 1952-53, which devoted two lines to the entry: "Destruction of ammunition at a depot abroad by an explosion and resultant fire caused by unknown native saboteurs—£251,772."

A War Office spokesman said "it would be more improper for us to make any comment on a statement has been made in the House of Commons. That is the normal procedure."

The period covered by the accounts is the financial year ending on March 31, 1953. They reveal that almost half a million sterling worth of stores was lost in that period by theft, fraud, gross and great negligence. The mysterious sabotage explosion was just under half of the total. Almost £100,000 of the total was written off by the authorities without explanation.

DISCREPANCIES

Total army expenditure for the year 1952-53 was £521 million—£5 million less than had been granted by Parliament.

The accounts noted "wide discrepancies" between stock and records at an ammunition depot and at the main ordnance distributing depot in Egypt. But no comment was made on this.

The report also said that "unsatisfactory matters" had been disclosed in inquiries into the contracting of foodstuffs for British troops in the Suez Canal zone.

The report said that prices paid to merchants in Cyprus for the supply of food to British troops in Egypt and to the British garrison in Cyprus revealed that supplies for the Canal Zone troops were "appreciably higher and sometimes over double."

"It appears," the report added, "that certain unsatisfactory matters have been disclosed by cost examinations of the contractors records—in Cyprus. These are being investigated." The report said in future, supplies from Cyprus would be obtained directly by the local Army authorities, through competitive tenders.—Reuter.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1 Bright Bay Fleetmaster Horseshoe Outsider: Mabel	RACE 1 Bright Bay Fleetmaster Clallan Outsider: Hongkong Sprinter
RACE 2 John Hallifax Lawrence Blue Bird Outsider: Queen Helen	RACE 2 Queen Helen Blue Bird Lawrence Outsider: John Hallifax
RACE 3 Firefly Ben Lomond Fire-Glo Outsider: Bonita	RACE 3 Ben Lomond Firefly Fire-Glo Outsider: Gold Medal
RACE 4 Bitter Sweet Harvest Moon Chelsea Outsider: National Glory	RACE 4 Bitter Sweet Carina Delight South Pacific Outsider: Harvest Moon
RACE 5 Jingle Bell Possibility II Smiling Tiger Outsider: Tip Top	RACE 5 Possibility II Jingle Bell Smiling Tiger Outsider: King Rider
RACE 6 Flying Dutchman Comet Hawain Moon Outsider: Red Feather	RACE 6 Red Feather Rebel II Hawain Moon Outsider: Fythe Dutchman
RACE 7 Ambition Tonybee First Edition Outsider: Adorable Atalanta	RACE 7 Lure Triumph Ambition First Edition Outsider: Rainbow
RACE 8 Evergreen Attractive Power Films Outsider: Wild Honey	RACE 8 Evergreen Norse Lady Fortuna Outsider: Amber
RACE 9 The Tigress Trade Wind Scrub Outsider: Desert Gold	RACE 9 Scrub Rider Wish Easy-Going Outsider: Souvenir
RACE 10 Solar Knight American Carrot Films Outsider: Fleeting Moment	RACE 10 Solar Knight Bahadur Star Outsider: Jip On

River Tigris Reaches Grave Danger Level

Baghdad, Mar. 26. The River Tigris has reached a grave danger level exceeding the danger point by ten centimetres this afternoon, Radio Baghdad announced tonight.

Although the water, has still not inundated the city as a result of emergency measures in the eastern part of Baghdad, it was still threatening the city. Seven breaches have been made on the river dykes north and south of Baghdad in an effort to cope with the rising waters.

The river level continued to rise and was expected to rise still further during the night if the level of the northern tributaries of the Tigris River goes down.

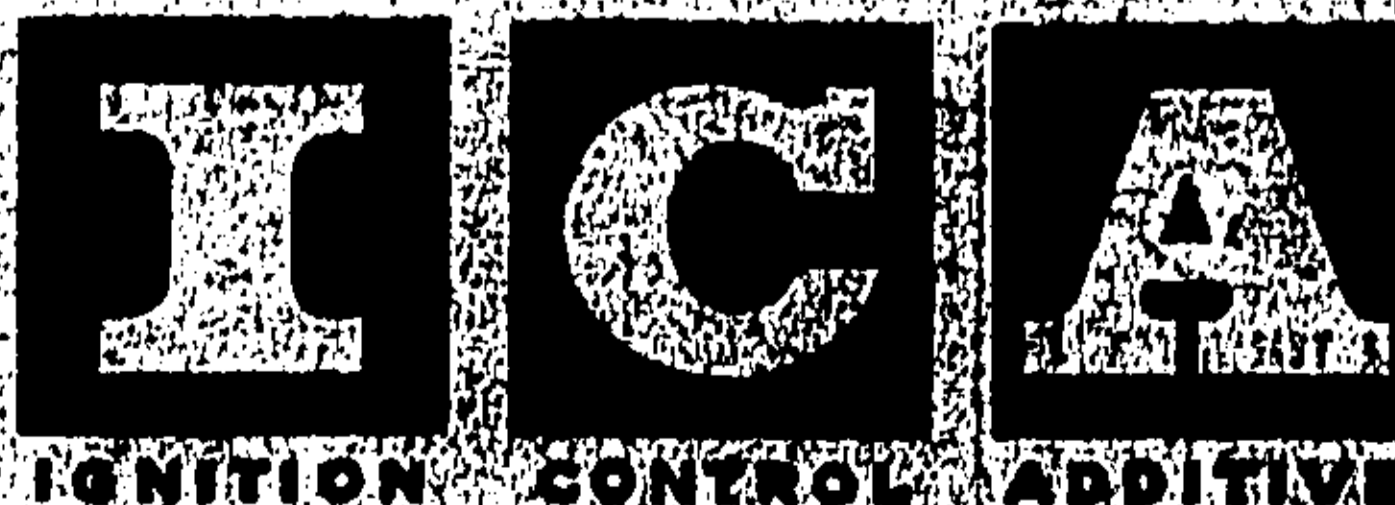
The drop in the water level will not be felt in the city for a few days. Meanwhile it was expected more dykes will have to be blasted during the night to the south of the city because of the rise in the water of the Diyala River, a southern tributary of the Tigris.—France-Press.

Bomb-Throwing Egyptians

Ismaia, Mar. 26.

Two Egyptians on a motor-cycle threw a bomb into a three-storey building occupied by British paratroopers here tonight.

There were no casualties and little damage.—Reuter.



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SUNDAY MORNING **KING'S** **AT** 11.30 A.M.

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT in
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AT REDUCED PRICES!

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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

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THE KILLER OF "SHANE"
IN HIS MOST
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JOAN FONTAINE
JACK PALANCE
CORINNE CALVERT
ROBERT DOUGLAS

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COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Written and Directed by
CHARLES MARSHALL
Produced by M. J. HOLZ
A Paramount Picture

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS



Marlon Brando and Mary Murphy in "THE WILD ONE"

The moonlighter and his midnight lady having ridden into the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, rather unexpectedly and galloped off again to make way for "LOVE LOTTERY", there's really not much point in commenting on their somewhat brief stay, except to say that the "WOMEN OF PARIS" couldn't have been exerting all their subtle charms, to have given way so easily before the very obvious lure of the booted and spurred midnight lady.

After "LOVE LOTTERY", the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA will be giving us "ISLAND IN THE SKY".

Based on the best-selling novel by Ernest K. Gann, "ISLAND IN THE SKY" follows the adventures of the crew of a transport plane forced down in the wilds of Labrador. John Wayne is the star and it's a Wayne-Fellows production.

Wayne himself is the captain of the aircraft and his co-pilot is played by Lloyd Nolan. The members of the crew include Sean McClory and James Arness.

Five harrowing days and nights are spent by the crew of the aircraft in sub-zero temperatures while rescue operations are got under way back at headquarters. (The man who always makes me want to cough while he's talking) is seen as one of the team sent out to find the lost crew. It remains for Wayne to keep his men alive until they are sighted by the rescue party.

"ISLAND IN THE SKY", with the author of the book acting as technical adviser, was filmed with Warner-Phonic sound and each line of dialogue, each revolution of the aircraft motors, each twig snapping in the frosty air will be heard by the audience from the point of origin.

When a group of men get together, the conversation, I'm told, usually turns to women. I don't know how true this happens to be, but in the film, with an Arctic blizzard sweeping over them, not much time passes before each man starts thinking of the girl he left behind him. One thinks of more than one girl and another tries to picture the girl he would like to find when he returns to civilisation. All this is done by the well-known flash-back method.

THE GIRLS

The girls is the dream of the stranded sailors are Ann Doran, Dawn Bender and Phyllis Winger, who reportedly has been awarded a six-picture contract for her performance in "ISLAND IN THE SKY". Of the women players, Ann Doran is, I believe, known as one of the screen's better character actresses. Dawn Bender and Phyllis Winger are comparative newcomers—I can't remember ever having seen either of them before.

Now showing "FLIGHT TO TANGIER", the KING'S and PRINCESS are going to follow "ISLAND IN THE SKY" with "THE BLUE LAGOON". We've already had this here—it was the film in which the Welsh discovery Donald Houston, was introduced to us.

When I read H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel in my teens, I

left a very deep impression of an idyllic love affair with a suspicion of other-worldiness about it. Maybe I was impressionable. When I think back to my recollections of the film, made in 1948, the first one that comes to mind is that of a pleasantly buxom hockey girl cantering along the fore-shore in a most this-worldish way. Perhaps my viewpoint's changed.

For those of you who haven't seen "BLUE LAGOON" or read the book, it is the romance of two children, shipwrecked on a desert island, who grow up in an earthly paradise of blue seas and golden sands.

Their solitude is broken once only by two very poor products of civilisation who try to exploit them. All that the children know of the world beyond their island is taken from their only book—"A Guide To Behaviour For Ladies And Gentlemen"—and this doesn't make provision for a situation in which, bewildered by their own emotions, they fall in love. In a violent tropical hurricane their baby son is born. As the child grows older, they realise that they must return to civilisation for his sake and they set out in their small boat in search of the world beyond the reef.

These are the bare facts, but it was a most moving story.

RATHER DIFFERENT

A rather different nature-child takes over after "BLUE LAGOON". Marlon Brando in "THE WILD ONE". Again he's cast in a tough role, so if you were getting used to seeing him as a more sympathetic character after his performance as Mark Anthony in "JULIUS CAESAR", to get in a more receptive frame of mind for "THE WILD ONE", just take your mind back to "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE".

Brando plays the leader of a gang of rough, truculent motorcyclists who swagger into a small town apolloing for trouble because they've been barred from the track of a nearby speedway stadium. And trouble they find.

They wreck a car, intimidate the town's solitary policeman, insult the townspeople, chase the local girls and generally behave like hooligans.

To add to the town's troubles, a rival team of cyclists descends on it and the leader and Brando fight a "pitched" battle in the streets. So say that all the good citizens are unsympathetic to these rowdies—is putting it mildly—all of them, that is, except the policeman's pretty daughter.

To introduce this note of softness into the picture, the producer Stanley Kramer chose Mary Murphy. She finds Brando attractive to start with; later, his odd, apparently indifferent attitude towards life in general frightens her after his initial tenderness and she finds her sympathy for him disappearing.

WELL-DONE, GIRLS!

Those three money-spinners, Bacall, Grable and Monroe, will still be reigning at the ROXY and BROADWAY, this week-end, and will make way as yet only for the week-end "TOP SECRET".

Oscar Homolka is a very nice kind of Red Russian in "TOP SECRET". True, he tries to get the plans of the men's abductions at Rayworth out of George Cole in the mistaken belief that they're the plans for a new British atom bomb, but in such a nice way that you really can't be angry with him.

RURITANIAN

"TOP SECRET" is a pleasant little British film that leaves you at the end with the feeling that the Other Side are a lot of characters straight from Ruritania and that there's nothing to worry about at all.

The handful of so-called British intelligentsia that slavishly admires the Communist way of life are depicted as the half-baked posers and fools that they are and even Nadia Gray as a loyal little Russian comrade is allowed the luxury of saying that she "despises traitors of whatever country they're disloyal to".

We are rather good at laughing at ourselves and as long as this double joke is fully understood by the audience for whom it is designed, "TOP SECRET" can be recommended without reservation.

George Cole is a completely different "comic" from Norman Wisdom and to my taste infinitely preferable. But then I can't take undiluted farce. I have to have a bit of a story with a few serious situations to lighten the mixture. George Cole is the little man who knows his place and is quite content to stay there. Wisdom, given the same opportunities of rising to heights of fame and fortune, would grasp them with both hands and probably become Prime Minister!

I've mentioned the three main characters in "TOP SECRET"—George Cole, Oscar Homolka and Nadia Gray. Let me also mention Wilfrid Hyde-White. I'm never quite sure why, at the end of a long cast list, in a picture in which he has a comparatively small part, we always find "AND Wilfrid Hyde-White", as though he's visiting royalty, or something. I grant you his immense experience and his "little gem" of a performance, but it's his willingness to take a supporting role, let him accept commensurate billing.

Nadia Gray is a very lovely girl and although, to wear, she's only given the kind of Russian uniform we'd expect to see, her "carried" it off most gracefully.

JAPANESE CHARM

Charm, in the Japanese manner, is displayed in "THE LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER OF JAPAN".

This is not quite what you might expect from the title. True, the wife has a valid-by-a-man other than her husband, but she's not the sordid liberatee Lady Chatterley was.

The Japanese Lady Chatterley had some excuse for falling in love with a painter. Her husband—a General—was unable to live a complete married life with her and she struggled against temptation for a long time before giving in. It's a small incident in the picture, the Japanese Lady's love affair, but it's a very nice one.

with the child. She's brought up by the forgiving General and his attendant wife and in spite of all their efforts to keep the truth from her, realises that her mother has a secret.

There are some very touching scenes between mother and daughter and between husband and wife. The painter I found revolting.

The Japanese cast have had their dialogue dubbed into Mandarin and there are English sub-titles—sometimes a little difficult to understand!

NAVAJOS

Universal's International's "COLUMB SOUTH", which unfortunately I haven't seen previewed, is about a young American cavalry officer (played by Audie Murphy) who tries to bring peace to the expanding frontiers of 1880 America.

The Indians this time are Navajos and if you know the words of "Empty Saddles" as sung by B.B. you'll remember that they were a pretty shady bunch of characters—most unfriendly in fact. Their chief is played—in the new sympathetic manner—by Dennis Weaver.

If you think you can impersonate a redskin, then Hollywood is obviously the place for you these days. Genuine Indian extra players, who used to be as plentiful as swimming pools there, are getting very hard to find. Those they use to make up the numbers for a western, are a hybrid mixture of movie stuntmen, part time players and bit players who have made a specialty of impersonating Red Indians for so long that there is a saying in the studios that they "grunt Ugh" when they receive their salaries!

With Audie Murphy in "COLUMB SOUTH", are Joan Evans and Robert Sterling. Audie Murphy understands the Red Indian point of view—the chief of the Navajos is his friend. Robert Sterling, his commanding officer, doesn't need a say more?

After "REMAINS TO BE SEEN", the CAPITOL is bringing back a film called "THE GREAT WALTZ". I won't call it an "old" film because it is in costume and as such doesn't date in the way a modern comedy might.

In years, however, it is old—ten years old to be precise—but don't let that discourage you from going to see it. Miliza Korjus' magnificent coloratura voice is something not to be missed since we never seem to see her nowadays on the screen.

Added to her voice, there's her wonderful rich, generous personality overflowing with the joy of "living" and singing, coupled with the delicate charm of Luisa Rainer.

I wonder what's happened to Luisa Rainer, by the way—after the superb showing she made with Paul Muni in "THE GOOD EARTH", her absence from the screen for so long is a great loss.

In this story of an episode in the life of Johann Strauss you'll also see Fernald Gray.

YET ANOTHER

I've just had some information given me about yet another new process joining the ranks of Cinemascope, D.Wide or Panaramic. Screens, Cinemascope, etc. This one, being produced by Paramount and is called "Vistavision".

Its emphasis is on the fact that "Height" is as important as "Width" in the presentation of a motion picture on the screen. The Vistavision camera uses a horizontal double frame negative to photograph the picture.

This process eliminates grain and fuzziness. In addition, the Vistavision camera permits the use of lenses in photographing with an angle varying from 9 up to 75 degrees, and still allows the photographing of scenes without distortion due to the extreme ratio of width to height.

With the Vistavision process, people and the objects around them can be photographed, as seen by the human eye, in a natural, unwarped perspective or dimension. The size of the screen to meet abnormal limitations of most other projection systems.

QUEEN'S
TOMORROW MORNING AT 11.30 a.m.
BURT LANCASTER in
"TEN TALL MEN"
A Columbia Picture in Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA
10, 5.15, 7.20, 9.30 P.M.

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ANNE VERNON
HERBERT LOM

The LOVE LOTTERY
COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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Marilyn Monroe Betty Grable Lauren Bacall
How To Succeed In A Millionaire
William POWELL TECHNICOLOR

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At 12.00 Noon

ROXY BROADWAY
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Presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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TOP SECRET
OSCAR HOMOLKA
NADIA GRAY & GEORGE COLE

**THE STORY OF THE DISKMAN
THE POWER AND THE BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT**

LEE Theatre **GREAT WORLD**
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FOR GOLD! FOR GLORY! FOR THE MERRY MEN!

VICTOR MATURE
MARI BLANCHARD
"BECKED"
TECHNICOLOR

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
At 11.30 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
Walt Disney's
COLOR CIRCUS **COLOUR CIRCUS**

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Riches Are Source Of Embarrassment

Tokyo.
Japan is suffering an embarrassment of riches in the midst of poverty.

Locked in the Bank of Japan vaults is a treasure in diamonds, gold, platinum, silver and other precious metals and stones that would have inspired legends before these days of 10-digit government budgets.

The government isn't sure what to do with the treasure. Unofficial suggestions that it be used to pay some Southeast Asian reparations claims against Japan bring nervous reactions from the Foreign Office.

London Police Have To Be Artful To Catch Bookies

London.

Two men in overalls carrying a long ladder walked along a South London street towards a corner where a man was surreptitiously taking racing bets.

When near the bookie the two men dropped the ladder and grabbed the man. They told him he was under arrest and announced themselves as policemen.

Has A Dim Future Lined Up

Calvo.

New Republics in Europe and Asia and revolutions throughout the Middle East are predicted "in the near future" by astrologer Mohamed Youssef El-Miniawy of the land of Pharaohs, who had predicted Pearl Harbour, the British victory at El-Alamein, Eisenhower and Churchill election victories and other historic events.

Miniawy told United Press that the following will happen in the near future:

1. Japan will turn Communist, sign treaties with Russia and Red China and Red-Yellow danger will threaten the Western world.

2. "Due to Western powers," especially America's, ill treatment of Western Germany, Adenauer will unify Germany by agreeing directly with Molotov's East, and Britain will suffer agony and contempt.

3. France will lose the Indo-China war, withdraw its defeated forces, and new men will head the French government.

4. Revolutions will break out in the Middle East, specifically in three Arab states, other than Syria's recent coup d'etat. Israel's complaint against the Arab states to UNO will be discarded and the Israelis will attack their neighbours. Aly Maher will hit the headlines with glorious services to Egypt.

5. Foreign interference in Indo-Pakistan relations will result in military attacks across the separating borders of these two countries.

6. Iran and Iraq will join the US-Turko-Pakistan defence pact.

7. Turkey, after taking great military and economic aid from the United States, will escape being cornered into any war.—United Press.

6-YEAR-OLD "BABY-MAN"

Lisbon.

A six-year-old "baby-man" with the voice, beard and size of a man is causing a stir in medical circles here.

Dr. Abilio Araujo, the boy's physician, said over-functioning of the endocrine glands had given the six-year-old boy a growth of one metre and 32 centimetres and a weight of nearly 80 kilos.

The boy, Aleixo Torres of Vale Do Cambra, has a chest measurement of 77 centimetres and a deep, hoarse voice. His parents are of normal size.—United Press.

Yesterday's Dime

Heardford, Conn.

Checking a list of unclaimed bank accounts, James Spoken remembered one he opened years ago. He got in touch with the bank and proved he had a dormant account. Shortly afterwards he received a dime, the amount he deposited when he was a baby.—United Press.

A couple of days later, a man with a long bushy beard adopted the same tactics to arrest another street bookie. The beard was false. The man behind it was another police officer.

Yet another member of the police anti-street betting patrols wears an invisible nylon mask to alter his features and so mislead the bookies long enough for him to make an arrest.

These and dozen other tricks have been adopted by the London police to clean up street betting. The disguises are necessary because the bookmakers and their helpers have memorised the faces of all policemen in the area and have organised such an effective "cockatoo" system that no policeman can get close enough to a bookie to make an arrest unless he is disguised.

The public revelation of the measures the police have been forced to adopt to end street betting in London put the spotlight on minor crime in general in London this week.

Since last year when a great crime wave reached its peak with the murder of a policeman by Christopher Craig, a 16-year-old hoodlum, the fatal stabbing of another teenager in a Clapham Common gang fight, and the 10, Roblington Place explosion of John Reginald Christie, major crime has fallen off in this city.

A NEW WAVE

A new wave of minor crime has come in its place.

London's police force is taking every step to chop off the crime at its lower level before it develops into a new major outbreak to rival last year's notorious record.

The police have their hands full. In major crime waves the police can more rely on their underworld "squealers" to give them the information needed to make an arrest.

In minor and juvenile crime the "squealers" are of little assistance since there is generally no planning and organizing for the "bump" to happen. The police have to be on the scene of minor and juvenile crime to bring about a conviction.

And there is a shortage of policemen in London. Both the Metropolitan Police and the City of London Police are appealing for men to take up police duties, but the demand far exceeds the supply.

Recently there was a suggestion that coloured Africans and West Indians be drafted into the force to make up the deficiency, and reduce unemployment among the coloured men packing into Britain in search of better money than they can possibly get in their homelands.

The suggestion was vetoed and there were cries that Britain's allegedly "non-existent" colour bar had brought about the rejection of the proposals.—United Press.

Numbers Game

Portland, Me.

Maureen Lynch, 8, couldn't remember where she lived when she became lost from her older sisters on the way home from the movies. Dave Glosky, who found her wandering, asked in an off-hand manner, "What did you say your telephone number was?" Maureen replied cheerfully, "4-0984." Glosky called the number. Case closed.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I was just thinking about those wonderful letters you wrote about washing your own clothes in Korea—like to try a few diapers?"

THE TOURISTS' PARADISE IS IRELAND

Dublin.

Ireland is a tourist's paradise. Prices in restaurants, hotels, pubs, taxis and department stores are among the cheapest in western Europe. Taxis cost 30 cents the first mile, 20 cents each additional mile. The best seat at the famed Abbey Theatre is \$1.

Hotels are cheap. A single room with bath at the green-fronted Russell Hotel, one of Dublin's finest, is \$6 a night, breakfast and service included.

You can live in a luxuriously outfitted turret of a castle overlooking the lakes of County Mayo for \$45 a week, including three meals a day, at Ashford Castle. Most of the film, "The Quiet Man" was filmed there.

The Hotel Rossanna in Donegal, considered among the finest in the country, offers a view of the Atlantic, all meals and tips at \$50 a week.

Food is generally cheap. One of the best known delicacies for connoisseurs is the oyster bar of the Red Bank in Dublin. A dozen Galway oysters are \$1. The total bill, including tip, for 12 oysters, brown bread and creamery butter and half pint of Guinness stout is \$1.40.

A bargain lunch is available across the street in a restaurant that dishes out a 40-cent lunch of soup, spaghetti, peas, potatoes, fruit pudding and coffee.

ALL THE TRIMMINGS

Places of the country's toniest places, "Jammie" in Dublin, boasts a French cook to go with its menu and charges \$3 for a steak dinner with all the trimmings.

One of the best tourists attractions is the pub. No children are allowed in pubs and women usually only in lounge room, but the talk is constant, convivial and not costly.

A full day may be spent in the pub where all the tourist is expected to do is pay his share of the rounds of drinks. The "usual" is a pint of black-coloured porter beer at 16 cents a pint.

Irish linen, handkerchiefs, tweed, glass, wastecovers, ties and super-potent pure Irish whiskey are the chief bargains that tourists take away.

The easiest way to see the country is to rent a small European car at \$30 a week. Gasoline is 50 cents an imperial gallon.

Special low-cost tours, by trains, buses and lake boats are organized for the annual tourist "An Tostal" festival from April 18 to May 9.

Six-day tours, with all meals, transportation, tips and hotels plus a visit to the Blarney Stone included, are \$48.

No license is needed for coast fishing. Salmon or sea trout licences for one year are \$5.00. Licences for inland fishing vary in different lake districts from \$1.40 to \$2.60, but it's one of the best buys in the country.

Whether it's because Irishmen—as some local anglers say—are too lazy to fish—or because the lakes are overcrowded, good fishing is available in most parts of the country.

One American visitor who jumped into a bus at a stop along the river Liffey was amazed to see all the passengers get up and run out. A fisherman had hooked a salmon and the passengers went to advise him how to pull it in. When the American asked the bus driver how soon the bus would leave, the driver replied, "Just as soon as he pulls in that fish" and went out to join the crowd.—United Press.

Procedure to win potassium out of seawater on a test-basis will start in Holland this spring, it was announced.

Officials of the producing Mekog Company in the western Dutch town of Velsen told pressmen that a test plant to win potassium out of seawater has been completed by now on the grounds of the Mekog and that production is expected to start in April.

Mekog co-operated in the procedure with the Norwegian firm Norsk Hydro, resulting in the establishment of A. S. Norduco concern, which has its seat in Oslo.

Norwegian experience with the process already dates from pre-war years and after the war the Dutch sought co-operation with Norway in order to apply the system in Holland.

It is hoped that by producing potassium on national basis in co-operation with Norway—import of this fertilizer product—extremely important for national agriculture—can be avoided in the future.

Plans provide for the establishment of a definite potassium plant either in Norway or in Holland, it was said, when the results prove to be satisfactory.—United Press.

Marriage Experiment Suspended

London.

Dr Mayo Wingate is worried about British women—British men show a reluctance to marry them if they are over 28.

"British men like them young," said Dr Wingate sadly announcing suspension of the first experiment in planned marriage here, the marriage society.

The marriage society has church dignitaries and social workers on its board of advisers but all the weight of its advice and prestige hasn't been able to persuade British men that women over 28 can be ideal mates.

"Maybe," said Dr Wingate, "this has something to do with a finding we have made—in direct variance to what Dr Kinsey discovered about American women.

"From our discussions with some 10,000 to 12,000 British women we find that the sex urge begins to decline here as early as 40 or 45. This is earlier than the sex decline in British men."

(Dr Alfred Kinsey found that American men reach a sexual peak in their teens and are downgraded thereafter, that American women maintain sex drive into late middle-age.)

Dr Wingate said the marriage society was not suspending through lack of applicants—the trouble was that almost all of those came from women.

"We simply couldn't find eligible men for the age categories of women who applied," he said. "From our experience I would say British men like their women to be about 10 years younger."

They marry women closer to their own age they tend to stray to younger mistresses.

This seemed to imply that the British male, contrary to his reputation as a poor lover, was really an impulsive fellow with a roving eye for a pretty ankle etc.

"Not really," smiled the Scottish psychologist. "The Briton isn't really very good lover—he's too shy and interested in other things. "He just likes them young."—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



PRINCE Frederick Charles of Prussia, 35-year-old grand-nephew of the late Kaiser, uncoils his six-foot body from behind the wheels of his cream Porsche car on Blackpool promenade at the start of the RAC British International rally. He was co-driver in the German entry. (Express)

RIGHT: Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who is moving from the post of chief British delegate to the U.N. to British Ambassador in Paris, pictured at Southampton with Lady Jebb and their 20-year-old daughter, Stella. (Express)



VISCOUNT and Lady Waverley greet the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on their arrival at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to attend a gala performance in aid of the Sadlers Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund. (Express)



YOUNGEST producer of the drama society at Queen Mary College, in London's Mile End Road, is ginger-haired Ann Summersby, aged 19, from Dorking. She is staging Thurber's comedy, 'The Male Animal,' at the People's Palace, Stepney. (Express)



WORLD'S youngest lion tamer, 15-year-old Cedric Crossfield, of Middleton, Lancashire, in a circus ring cage for the first time. It was a three-minute appearance before 3,000 people at Sheffield. (Express)



ST MARY'S, the main centre of the flower industry of the Isles of Scilly, is now a hive of activity as the local inhabitants reap their annual Spring harvest, now in full swing. These daffodils are being bunched for the market.



LEFT: The Wachholtz triplets of Chelsea as they appeared at their first birthday party. From left: George, Patrick and Richard. (Express)



RIGHT: Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, stepping off the plane at London Airport on his return from Khartoum. He flew out to attend the opening of the Sudanese Parliament, which was postponed because of rioting. (Express)



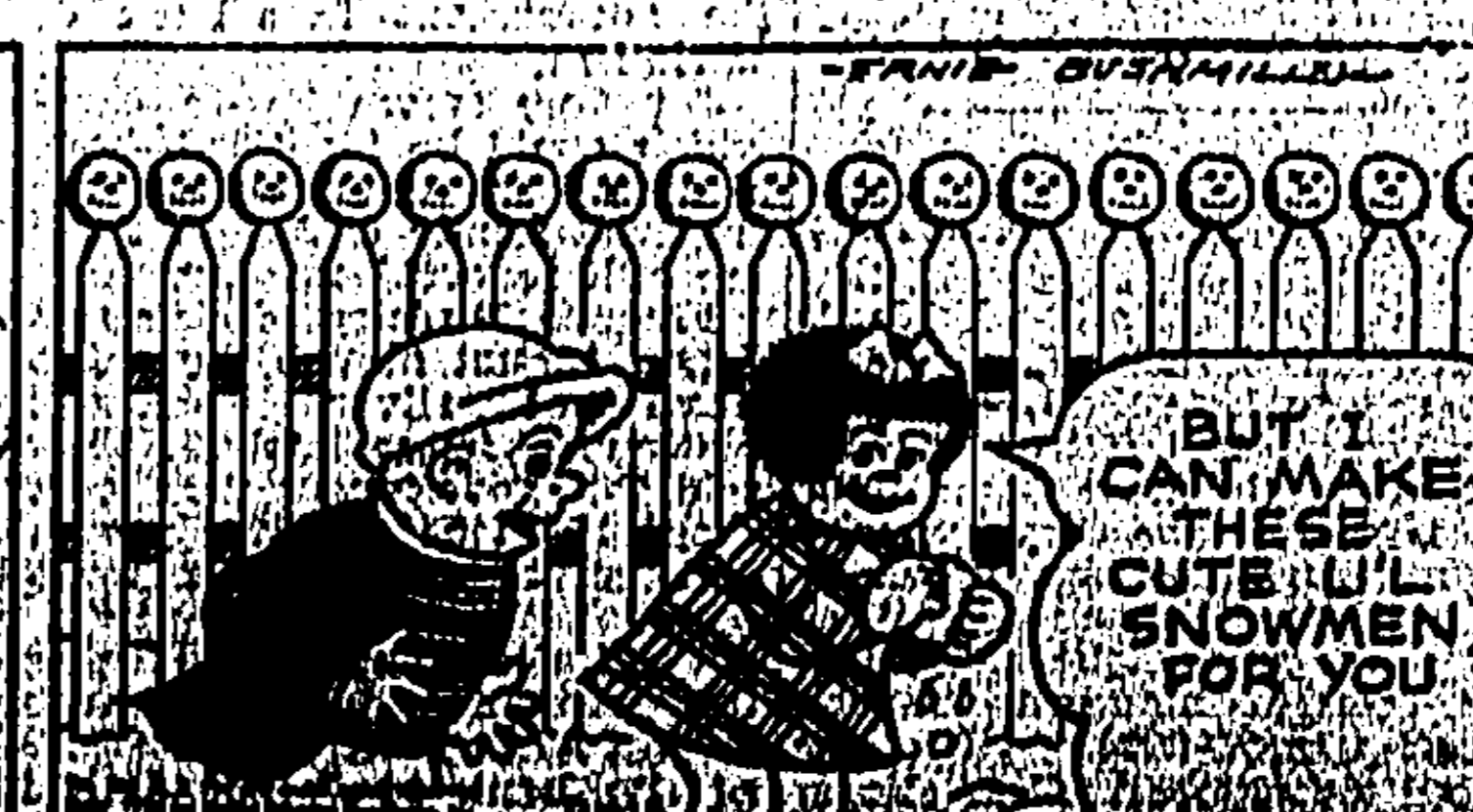
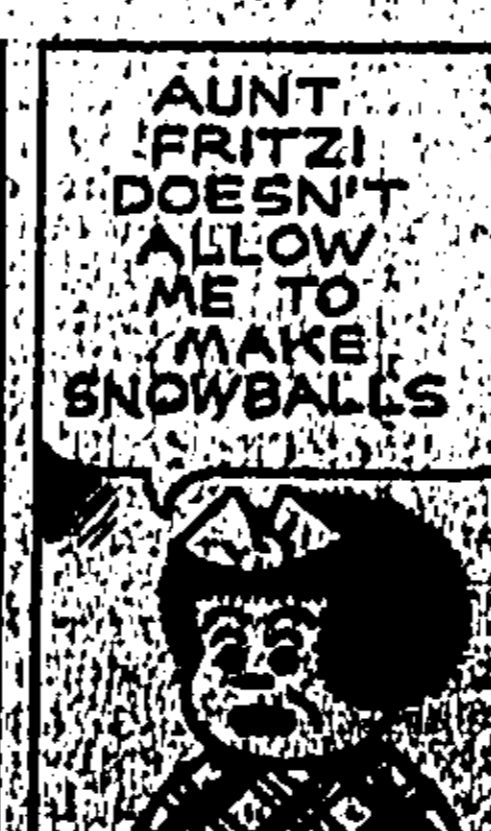
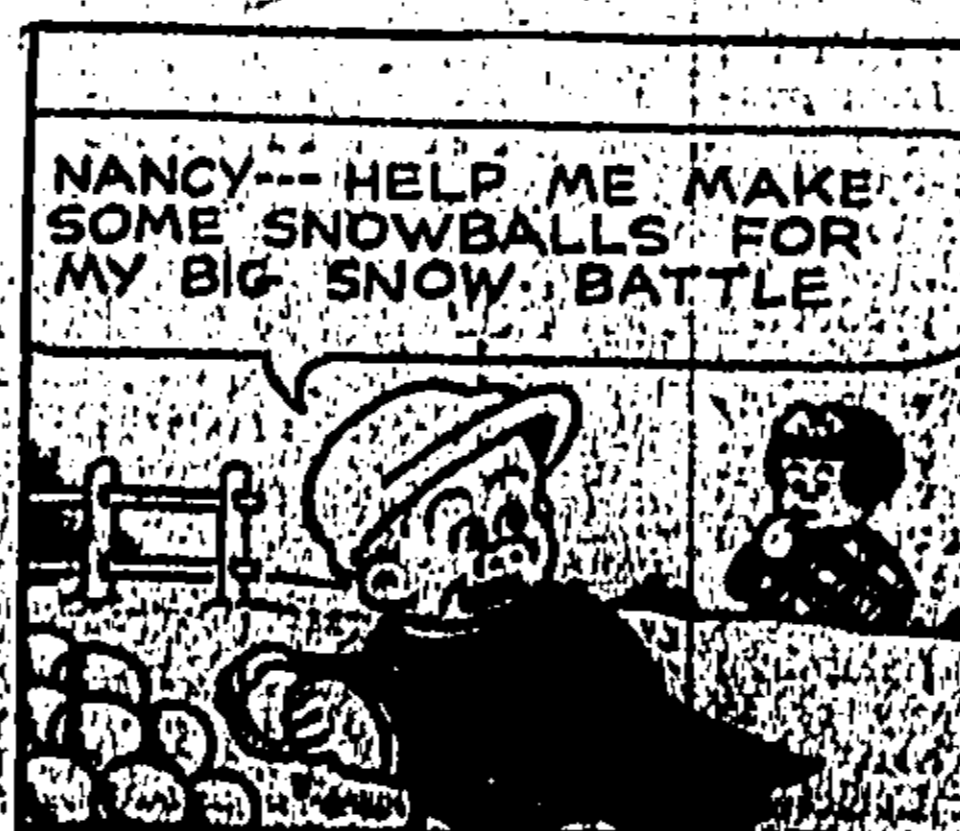
LADY Annabel Stewart, 19-year-old daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, and Mr Mark Birley, 23-year-old son of the late Sir Oswald Birley, the portrait painter, leaving Caxton Hall after their marriage. They are spending their honeymoon in Austria. (Express)



A CHAMPAGNE party was given a few days ago at Wildenstein's, the art dealers in Bond Street, London, in honour of Gladys Robinson, wife of film actor Edward G. Robinson, to mark the opening of an exhibition of her paintings. She is seen showing them to Senor C. Linder de Negré, the Mexican Minister. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
PLAIN
CHOCOLATES

The NEW exploits of SHERLOCK HOLMES

• This is the seventh story in the series of NEW mysteries of Sherlock Holmes, told now by the son and literary executor of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

I SEE from my notebook that it was late in September 1886, shortly before my departure to Dartmoor with Sir Henry Baker, that my attention was first drawn to that curious affair, since termed "The Blackmailing Case," which threatened to involve one of the most revered names in England.

Even at this late date, Sherlock Holmes has urged me to spare no pains to conceal the real identity of the personage concerned and, in my recital of the events, I shall certainly do my best to observe his wishes in this matter.

Indeed, I am as sensitive as he is to the fact that, owing to the many cases in which we have been concerned over the years, we have been of necessity the depositaries of many strange confidences and secrets which, should they become known to the world, could only arouse scandal and amazement.

Our honour is therefore deeply involved, and I shall make very sure that no inadvertent word of mine shall point the finger of accusation at any one of those men and women, in high life or in low, who have poured out their troubles to us in our modest Baker Street chambers.

I recall that it was on a late September morning when I was first introduced to the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative.

It was a grey depressing day with a hint of early fog in the air and, having been summoned to a patient in Seaton Place, I was walking back to our lodgings when I became aware of a small street urchin skulking along at my heels. As he drew level I recognised the lad as one of the Baker Street Irregulars, as Holmes termed the group of grubby little boys whom he employed on odd occasions to act as his eyes and ears amid the purloins of the London street.

"Hullo, Billy," I said. The lad returned no sign of recognition. "Got a match, guv'nor?" he demanded, exhibiting a frayed cigarette end. I gave him a box and, on handing it back to me, he raised his eyes for an instant to my face. "For God's sake, doctor," he whispered swiftly,

"tell Mr Holmes to watch out for Footman Boyce. Then, with a surly nod, he slouched on his way.

I was not displeased to be the bearer of this cryptic message to my friend, for it had been apparent to me for some days past, from his alternating moods of energy and absorption, and his deplorable consumption of tobacco, that Holmes was engaged upon a case. Contrary to his usual practice, however, he had not invited me to share his confidences, and I must confess that my sudden precipitation into the affair, irrespective of Holmes's wishes, caused me no small satisfaction.

ON entering our sitting-room, I found him lounging in his arm-chair before the fireplace, still clad in his grey dressing-gown, his eyes staring thoughtfully at a haze of tobacco smoke, while one long, thin arm, dangling a letter between its finger-tips, hung down the side of his chair. An envelope, embossed, I noticed, with a coronet, lay on the floor.

"Ah, Watson," he said petulantly. "You are back earlier than I expected."

"Perhaps it is as well for you, Holmes," I replied, a trifle nettled at his tone, and proceeded to give the message with which I had been entrusted. Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"This is most curious," said he. "What can Footman Boyce have to do with the matter?"

"As I know nothing about it, I am hardly in a position to answer your question," I remarked.

"Upon my soul, a distinct touch, Watson!" he replied, with a dry chuckle. "If I have not taken you already into my confidence, my dear fellow, it was not for any lack of faith in you. The affair is, however, of a most delicate nature and I preferred to feel my way a little before inviting your invaluable assistance."

"There is no need for you to explain further," I began warmly.

"Tut, Watson, I have reached a complete impasse. Possibly it may prove one of those instances where an active mind may overreach while a merely reflective one, functioning largely on the obvious—" He lapsed into a brooding silence.

by ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

for a moment, then, springing to his feet, he strode over to the window.

"I am faced with one of the most dangerous cases of blackmail in all my experience," he cried. "I take it that you are familiar with the name of the Duke of Carrington?"

"You mean the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs?"

"Precisely," he said. "But he died some three years ago."

"Doubtless it will surprise you to learn, Watson, that I am aware of that fact," replied Holmes testily. "But to continue. A few days past I received a note from the Duchess, his widow, couched in such urgent terms that I was constrained to comply with her request to call upon her at her house in Portland Place.

"I found her a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and what you would term beauty, but overwhelmed by the feminine blow which, striking literally overnight, now threatens her with the complete social and financial destruction of herself and her daughter. And the irony of the situation is the more terrible because her destruction comes from no fault of her own."

"One moment," I interposed, picking up a newspaper from the couch. "There is a reference to the Duchess in today's Telegraph, announcing the engagement of her daughter, Lady Mary Gladstone, to Sir James Fortescue, the Cabinet Minister."

"Quite so. There lies the beautifully tempered point in this sword of Damocles," Holmes drew two sheets of paper, pinned together from the pocket of his dressing-gown and tossed them across to me. "What do you make of those, Watson?" he said.

"One is a copy of a marriage certificate, between Henry Corwyn Gladstone, bachelor, and Francis Pelletan, spinster, dated June 12, 1848, and issued at Valence, in France," I observed, glancing through the documents. "The other would appear to be the entry of the same marriage in the Valence church registry. Who was this Henry Gladstone?"

"He became Duke of Carrington upon the death of his uncle

in 1854," said Holmes grimly, "and five years later took to wife the Lady Constance Ellington, at present Duchess of Carrington."

"Then he was a widower?"

"To my surprise, Holmes drove his fist violently into the palm of his hand. "There is the diabolical cruelty of it, Watson," he cried. "We do not know! Indeed, the Duchess is now told for the first time of this secret marriage made in her husband's youth when he was staying on the Continent. She is informed that his first wife is alive and ready if necessary to come forward, that her own marriage is bigamous, her position spurious, and the status of her child illegitimate."

"What, after thirty-eight years! This is monstrous, Holmes!"

"And to that, Watson, that ignorance is no innocence in the eyes of society or the law. As to the lapse of time, it is claimed that the French wife, after her husband's sudden disappearance, did not associate Mr Henry Gladstone with the Duke of Carrington. Nevertheless, it is unlikely that I would engage in an affair of this nature were it not for the introduction of a more sinister element."

"I noticed that in speaking of the first wife coming forward you used the term 'if necessary.' So it is blackmail and doubtless for a large sum of money."

"WE are a moving in deeper waters, Watson. No money is demanded. The price of alliance lies in the Duchess's delivery of certain copies of State papers now lying in a sealed box in the strong-room of Lloyds Bank in Oxford Street."

"Preposterous, Holmes!"

"Not so preposterous. Remember that the late Duke was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and that it is not unknown for great servants of the Crown to preserve copies of papers and memoranda when the originals themselves are safely lodged in the custody of the State. There are many reasons why a man in the Duke's position might keep copies of certain documents which, innocent enough at the time, may become under the changing circumstances of later years matters of utmost gravity if viewed by a foreign, and perhaps unfriendly, Government."

"This unhappy lady is faced with the choice of an act of treason to her country as a price for this marriage certificate or a public exposure followed by the ruination of one of the most covered names in England and the destruction of two innocent women, one of them on the eve of her marriage. And the devil of it is, Watson, that I am powerless to help them."

"Have you seen the originals of these Valence documents?"



"Got a match, guv'nor?" demanded the urchin.

"The duchess has been them and they appear to be perfectly genuine, nor can I doubt her husband's signature."

"It might be a forgery."

"True, but I have already ascertained from Valence that there was a woman of that name living there in 1848, that she married an Englishman and later moved to some other locality."

"But surely, Holmes, a provincial French woman, if driven to blackmail by the deception of her husband, would demand money," I protested. "What possible use could she have for copies of State papers?"

"Ah! There you put your finger on it, Watson, and hence my presence in the case. Have you ever heard of Edith von Lammern?"

"I cannot recall the name."

"She is a remarkable woman," he continued, mislaidly. "Her father was some sort of petty officer in the Russian Black Sea Fleet and her mother kept a tavern in Odessa. By the time that she was twenty she had fled her home and established herself in Budapest, where, overnight, she gained notoriety as the cause of a sabre duel in which both combatants were slain."

"Later, she married an elderly Prussian Junker, who, having borne away his bride to his country estate, upped and died most conveniently within three months from eating a surfeit of turtle-doves stuffed with chestnuts. They must have been interesting, those chestnuts!"

"You will take my word for it," he went on, "that for the past year or so the most brilliant functions of the Season, be it London, Paris or Berlin, would be considered incomplete without her presence. If ever a woman was made by Nature

for the profession of her choice, then that woman is Edith von Lammern."

"You mean that she is a spy?"

"Tut, she is as much above a spy as I am above the ordinary police detective. I would not say that I have long suspected her of moving in the highest circles of political intrigue. This, then, is the woman as clever as she is ambitious and merciless, who, armed with the powers of this secret marriage, now threatens to ruin the Duchess of Carrington and her daughter unless she consents to an act of treason, the results of which may be incalculable in their damage to England." Holmes paused to knock out his pipe into the nearest tea-cup. "And I remain here useless, Watson, useless and helpless to shield an innocent woman who, in her agony has turned to me for guidance and protection," he ended sadly.

"It is indeed a most infamous business," I said. "But, if Billy's message refers to it, then there is a footman involved."

"Well, I confess that I am deeply puzzled by that message," Holmes replied, staring down thoughtfully at the street of hansom and carriages passing beneath our window. "Incidentally, the gentleman known as Footman Boyce is not a lackey, my dear Watson, though he takes his nickname, I believe, from the circumstance that he commenced his career as a manservant."

"HE is, in fact, the leader of the second most dangerous gang of slashers and racing touts in London. I doubt that he bears me much good will, for it was largely owing to my efforts that he received two years on that Rockmorton horse-doping affair. But blackmail is out of his line and I cannot see how Holmes broke off sharply and craning his neck peered down into the street. "By jove, it is the man himself!" he ejaculated. "And coming here, unless I am much mistaken."

"Perhaps it would be as well, Watson, if you concealed yourself behind the bedroom door," he added with a chuckle as, crossing to the fireplace, he threw himself into his chair. "Mr Footman Boyce is not among those whose conversational eloquence is encouraged by the presence of a witness. There came a jungle from the bell below and as I slipped into the bedroom I caught the creak of heavy steps upon the stairs followed by a knock and Holmes's summons to enter.

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The Adventure of the Two Women will be continued on Monday.

PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

HERR BULLY-BOY GETS A HALO

WHY is it that almost every French trial of wartime collaborators or war criminals degenerates into a humiliating farce from which only the accused emerge with any trace of dignity?

It has been so from the earliest postwar trials of Petain and Laval to the present day.

Take the recent case of SS General Karl Oberg, wartime head of the Gestapo in France. After nine years in gaol Oberg was finally brought to trial, only to find that contrary both to the Geneva convention and to French law the prosecution had failed to provide him with a translation of the charges in his own language.

Nevertheless, the judge decided to disregard the law and continue with the case.

On the second day he made such an outrageously unjustified reference to the prisoner, that at the request of the prosecution the proceedings were declared void and the trial indefinitely postponed.

It was a resounding German triumph—a triumph underlined by the request of the West German Chancellor, Dr Adenauer, that the case should not be proceeded with.

HE LOOKS HEALTHY

All this will tend to obscure the relevant facts concerning Oberg and his career.

This is a pity, for his story is a classic of how today's good German becomes tomorrow's bully-boy.

Oberg was a modest Hamburg tobaccoist before the Nazi Party provided an outlet for his talents. He came from a solid middle-class family, served in the 1914 war, and is a father of three children.

Before Hitler came to power he served the Nazis in the lowly capacity of an informer-reporting on his customers' political views to the local party office. He was promoted to police, with rapid promotion immediately war broke out.

First he was put in charge of behind-the-scenes extortions and deportations in Poland and finally was sent to Paris as head

of the Gestapo. Here his record can be summed up as: 114,000 arrests, 60,000 deportations (mainly Jews), 1,300 executions.

Nine years of imprisonment have changed Oberg little. At 38 he looks healthy, and alert and despite his shabby sports jacket and grey flannel trousers he has an unmistakable military bearing.

MOONS OVER NOVELS

He looks startlingly like Himmler, almost a caricature's version of the Nazi sedit, with his pasty, spectacled face, tiny eyes and thin, cruel mouth.

He professes not to speak or understand French, and when asked, his profession in court replied sneeringly: "I am only what you French call a good bourgeois."

In prison he moons over an ample supply of trashy German novels, and the works of the more crackpot German philosophers. Strictly Nazi "classics" for which he has asked are denied him.

He complains bitterly that his dearest wish, apart from being reunited with his family, is "to hear a good symphony orchestra."

This is the man to whom the incompetence of French justice has given a cheap halo of martyrdom.

LAST COURSE . . . QUIZ

I MISSED the dinner, but I have a report on the annual gastronomic feast at Monte Carlo, which goes by the name of the Golf Dinner.

Only 280 guests are invited—apparently because it is difficult to find room for the 28 glasses allocated to each guest. Before the evening came to an end more than 800 bottles of the choicest wines had been emptied. They, to prove that the festive board does not impede clear thinking, the guests engaged in a question and answer contest.

The star performer was playwright Sacha Guitry, who won the silver fountain pen prize.

Sample question and answer: Is it possible to dine without a lovely dinner companion? Guitry's reply: "No, because you eat too much."

PRINCESS RECOVERS

NINETEEN-year-old Princess Alexandra of Kent has almost completely recovered from a mild attack of mumps.

She was confined to her bed for three days but is now allowed outside in the grounds of the Count of Paris's home near Paris where she is staying. She is expected to resume her normal life of chaperoned outings to art galleries, Paris beauty spots and famous restaurants soon.

Two of the Count of Paris's daughters had mumps at the same time. They were the Princess Helene, aged 17½, and the Princess Diane, aged 18½. All three girls were in one bedroom, which was turned into a ward.

The remainder of the Count of Paris's large family, which includes nine other children, were not affected.

A PRINCE'S CHOICE

FILM STAR Gisele Pascal has apparently written her own script around her old-established romance with Prince Rainier of Monaco.

Here it is in the form of her own statement announcing her break with Rainier: "Our love has been a wonderful thing. The newspapers told many lies about us but I want the world to know the truth. For six years I have lived a beautiful dream. The Prince was like other men but unbelievably charming. We broke for reasons of State. The prince had to choose between me and his people. I have no time to think about love. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened to me if I had not been an actress."

"I would probably be married," she says, "if I had not been an actress."

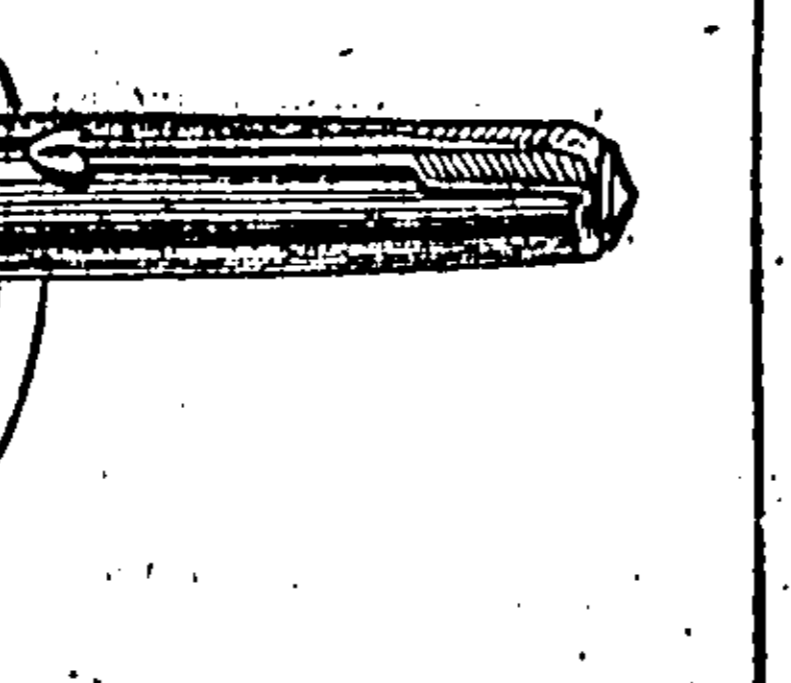
All I can say between my jobs is: "What are you waiting for, Hollywood?"

TIME, GENTLEMEN

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BRAINS WILL LEAD BRAUN IN NEW-LOOK RUSSIA

HELSINKI.

RUSSIA'S workers and peasants are on their way out; her intellectuals and managers on their way in.

That, at least, was proved in the recent elections to the Supreme Soviet in Malenkov's new Russia.

Election procedure, of course, ran true to Communist form. Russians voted for a single party-nominated candidate in each district.

If they disapproved, they could either cross out the name and substitute another. Or they could return a blank ballot paper. To do either needed courage in a secret police state. Ninety-nine percent voted for the party-sponsored candidates—according to official Soviet figures.

The Backbone

But the names of the elected bluntly show the horny-handed sons of toil that it is brain, rather than brawn, which counts in the Soviet Union today. Agricultural and industrial workers lined up to form the backbone of the Communist system. Now they are represented by only 200 of the 1,451 members elected

to the Supreme Soviet's two Chambers.

Sixty percent of the delegates are new to this job.

Three hundred are women—perhaps representing the wishes of Malenkov's energetic, 38-year-old, ex-actress wife Helena, believed to be behind the current drive for smarter clothes and more household goods.

Drive Needed

More than 460 represent the professions and managerial classes, indicating that Malenkov needs fresh imagination, ability and drive to lift Soviet economy out of the Stalinist doldrums.

Nearly seventy delegates represent the Red Army. They include Marshals Timoshenko, Zhukov, Sokolovsky, Konev, Malinovsky and Meretskov. In Stalin's days, the Army spokesmen were solely such old-timers as Voroshilov and Budyonny, political generals like Bulganin, or police generals such as the recently executed Beria. The new delegates are mostly young, energetic, and have a

place in the Workers' Paradise, four actresses, nine poets and two aeroplane designers are included among the other delegates.

Many of the vanished faces were followers of Beria, who was the biggest threat to Malenkov's position as leader.

Some of their places have been filled by Malenkov's nominees—but not all. His personal majority will not be as large as that which confirmed him in office last August.

The trend is now away from the principle of "one-man government" on the Stalin pattern. Emphasis is on collective party responsibility.

Applause during future proceedings in the new Parliament will inevitably be as methodically expressed as during Stalin's dictatorship.

Well-drilled

According to the pernickety protocol of the Supreme Soviet, approval is regulated in eight curious grades: animation to the hall; applause; prolonged applause; stormy applause; prolonged applause; stormy and prolonged applause; prolonged applause amounting to an ovation; All hail.

Each ovation is started, sustained and ended by the sign: "very much pleased" (very much pleased). The sign is given by the speaker, the speaker's secretary, the speaker's

In future the applause may be as well-drilled, but it will certainly not be designed to enshrine one man.

Crucial problem the new Parliament will consider is agricultural production, which has reached a level comparable with that of two decades ago. Then Stalin forced collectivization on the reluctant peasants at the point of the bayonet and at the cost of famine.

Today, grain production has risen by only 10,000,000 tons. But population has increased by 40,000,000 to 210,000,000. To keep pace, the State wants an additional 60,000,000 tons by next year's harvest.

Tough Chief

And the Supreme Soviet has to approve desperate measures introduced by tough, ex-Gestapo Nikita Khrushchev, First Deputy Secretary of the Communist Party.

These include the dispatch of tens of thousands of young "volunteers" to the Asiatic wastes to carry out a vast land reclamation scheme.

They also envisage the 100 percent collectivization of all the peasants. To do this, Khrushchev is rushing 20,000 engineers, thousands of semi-skilled workers and 100,000 agricultural specialists to Russia's 9,000 kolkhozes, the peasant farming units.

The popularity of Khrushchev seems to have peaked. He has been called "the most popular man in the world" by the Soviet press. But his critics are not silent. They say he is a "stupid, clumsy, and uneducated man" who is "a great danger to the Soviet Union."

The Fight that Finished the Champion

A GIANT BEAT THE FIRE OUT OF WOODCOCK

THE heavyweight champion of England lay strangely still on the rubbing table at Harringay. All we could see as we shuffled quietly around were a pair of boxing boots, a drab coloured blanket, and a swathe of towelling round the champion's head. We muttered among ourselves. No brash questions tonight, boys. This could be a hospital case.

★ **BAKSI was nobody's fool in the fight game. He carried out to the letter the simple and explicit instructions for the annihilation . . .**

● SO BEGAN a night of blind gallantry, of tragedy . . . and so, too, began the story told here in this first article of a new series

By GEORGE WHITING

The door of the dressing-room opened, and we moved aside as a grey-haired, square shouldered American of middle age pushed through the mob outside. Colonel Edward Egan, the Rhodes scholar who became chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, lifted a corner of the towel, gazed for full 20 seconds at what lay beneath, and said, very quietly:

"Bruce Woodcock, you are a brave boy who has taken a beating. You've been out there in the punishment pit. Don't let it dishearten you, but go out and get some experience. Beating second-rate men has done you no good. Rough it around for a while—and you'll lick them all yet."

Jaw broken

Colonel Egan was right in his diagnosis but only partly right in his assessment of the pugilistic future of the bruised and bleeding man on the table.

Bruce Woodcock did indeed fight again, and with much purpose, publicity and profit. He stopped Lee Savold, a need reminding, Johnny Ralph and Freddie Mills, lost and won against Lee Savold, and was finally beaten by Jack Gardner.

We even rated him a world contender again. But both he and we know now that the fire that was Woodcock was doused for ever on that night of April 16, 1947—the night that Joe Baksi broke his jaw, pulped his face, put him in the shadow of semi-blindness, and rendered him unfit for public viewing for 17 pain-wracked months.

Baksi, the clown

The Woodcock-Baksi fight, we were assured in those days of plentiful dough, would have everything. Its date was announced at a social gathering at the Savoy; Baksi, a giant from the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, was trumpeted into the country with all the pomp and ceremony of a film star, ringside seats, priced at twenty guineas each for the last time in Britain, changed hands for treble their value; more than 100,000 applications were made for the 11,000 tickets available; gross takings topped the then indoor record of £24,000.

Baksi, a genial man in public and a bad-tempered boog in private, behaved like a clown at Harringay, where he trained under the expert eye of that suave American, Ray Arcel.

Woodcock, never readily approachable, inspired even sillier "secret punch" stories than usual by the simple expedient of locking the door of the stable he had converted into a rough and ready gymnasium adjoining a pub at Baby, his Doncaster home.

I visited both camps, and, such is the insidious nature of publicity, I fooled even myself into believing that here indeed was the match of the moment. Thousands packed Kings Cross station for Woodcock's arrival the night before the fight. Special squads of police had to clear the way outside Jack Solomon's office for the midday weigh-in at Great Windmill Street.

Nat Rogers, then matchmaker for New York's Madison Square Garden, arrived with an almost frantic offer of £30,000 for the winner to fight Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world. Even Baksi's attractive blonde wife, Anne, was roped into the publicity picture and labelled in the gossip columns as "The girl who waits while her husband fights."

All for one of the most through-paced thrashings ever handed to British heavyweight champion.

A show-off outside the ring, the giant Baksi was nobody's fool at the fight game. He carried out to the letter Arcel's simple and explicit instructions for the annihilation of Woodcock. "Don't fool around—go get him in the first round."

Silent skirmish

Joe did just that. The Harringay fanfare died down, referee Moss Deyong completed his introductions, the bell hushed our expectant chatter—and the fight between America's Joe Baksi (15st. 3½lb.) and Britain's Bruce Woodcock (13st. 12½lb.) was on.

For possibly one minute, glove sought flesh and eye met eye in silent skirmish.

And then—bingo! Woodcock, the trained-to-a-hair ex-railwayman we had pictured as champion of the world, had become in a flash a flailing, semi-conscious and witless heap of humanity on the floor—paper-legged victim of an explosive hook to the upper jaw from Baksi's ponderous-looking left arm.

...I couldn't see

Woodcock has subsequently called that hook a "sucker" punch. It landed on the side of his head, and the effect was the same as if he'd thrown half a ton of lead at me. Baksi's muscular bulk became like a vague, ghostly vision in front of me. I couldn't see properly. The whole vast arena seemed to be swimming round me in a crazy whirlpool of lights and heads, and white shirts, like a trick camera-shot from a Hollywood film trailer. I lost all sense of balance and distance, all count of time. I don't remember going down.

But we who were there remember. We saw Woodcock take two more counts from the

blacksmith arms of Baksi in that ghastly first round. We saw him dragged like a war casualty to his corner, there to be prodded and patted and patched into some semblance of recovery by his white-faced manager, Tom Hurst, and his so desperately anxious young brother, Billy Woodcock.

For three more one-sided rounds, nine minutes of calculated and strictly legitimate mayhem, the battered Woodcock stumbled and groped as an open target for the punches of Baksi, with little else but an instinct for survival to stem the tide of hooks, jabs and uppercuts that bludgeoned him.

One mystery

Woodcock's wits took no part whatever in those crushing second, third and fourth rounds, or in the frenzied repair work by which his distraught seconds, by now preciously near panic, sought to restore him.

After four rounds the fight was over—should have been, in the opinion of those of us trying not too successfully at the ringside to keep an impersonal eye on the massacre. If ever there were justification for honourable surrender or merciful closure, this was it.

But the grim and bruising business continued until referee Deyong called Baksi off in round seven. How Woodcock survived till then, and even managed an occasional pathetic counter-punch, is a mystery that only punch, blind instinct and the shock-absorbing qualities of the human frame can explain.

If only...

Quietly, almost reverently, they led the unseeing Woodcock away. Led him, eventually, to a hospital bed . . . to an operation on a fractured temporal bone above the jaw . . . to temporary blindness . . . to four months of darkness as bits of bone came perilously near to penetrating his left eye.

But, between the pain of Baksi and the despair of blindness, came seething self-anger. Holding an ice-pack to his injured eyes in a hotel bedroom that night, Woodcock strengthened up from the wash-basin, buried a pillow at the wall and gave vent to an enormous wrath.

"What a bloody fool! What a mug to let myself get caught like that," he stormed. "If only I could get back in there again right now. I'd lick him. I know I would."

But he never did.

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THE BLACK WILDCAT
Next Saturday, George Whiting tells of the demon fighter who toppled France's idol—Georges Carpentier.



Chartered Accountants To Meet

VERY TIGHTLY ORGANISED

By Charles Handley

THE spiritual descendants of Egibi of Babylon and Marashu and Sons of Nippur will flock to Edinburgh this October to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first recognised Society of Chartered Accountants.

The few hundred who pay homage to their canny Scottish forbears will officially represent a few thousand behind-the-scenes men on whose integrity most of the world's business depends.

They trace their trade back to the stalwart firms of Egibi and Marashu, employed to keep a wary eye on the business of the Chaldean and Babylonian empires 4,000 years before Christ.

Exalted Place

And, although Egibi and Marashu carved their figures painfully on stone block while their successors use electronic brains and lightning calculators, the basis of the business has changed in only one major respect over the years.

Chartered accountants are now as tightly organised as any aristocracy, while, only a scant hundred years ago, anyone could set himself up in the business.

Yet that one development is enough to draw men from New York, Wellington, Vancouver, Baghdad, Capetown, and Sydney, and all the points in between, to help celebrate.

It is that organisation which has lifted them to an exalted place on the social registers and a top spot on the income tables.

George Watson

And it is that organisation which has made it possible for almost any citizen anywhere to be sure that he can put his faith in a man who can call himself a Chartered Accountant.

In Scotland accountants were always closely associated with lawyers, and they were not slow to see the advantages of the lawyers' kind of organisation.

Scotland's first professional accountant (born in Edinburgh in 1645) was George Watson, who made so much money that he was able to form a large trust for the benefit of the capital. The fruits of his work are still enjoyed today by the boys of two famous schools.

His successors enjoyed the same prestige, but it wasn't until 1854 that they formed the first official society with a royal charter. Another was formed in Glasgow and received its charter from the Queen the next year.

From there on, it was a matter of organisation and extension.

They got to England in 1870 and to Montreal in 1880. By 1904, they were established in Vancouver and at most points in between.

American organisation paralleled the Canadian spread, and now recognised bodies exist in New Zealand, Australia, Malta, Rhodesia, Portugal—and, in fact, almost everywhere you can think of.

SLEEP...the dentist says (very quietly)

By HUGH CLELAND

THE time may come when a date with the dentist will hold no more terrors for normal people than an appointment with a tailor or hairdresser. Relaxed in the comfortable seat provided, which most people at present regard about as equally as if it were an electric chair, the patient will do what his dentist tells him, and be so much at ease that the shining drill poised over him will seem as homely as a fireside lamp.

How is this comforting transformation to be brought about? By the use of hypnosis.

A group of dentists, members of the British Dental Association have formed the British Society of Dental Hypnotists, which itself now has 50-60 members. Thirty of those, mostly men in the London area, have already taken a three-week course in the use of hypnosis, and when their patients ask for it, have put into practice what they have learned.

"In theory," said the chairman of the society, a Wimpole Street dentist, "everyone is capable of being hypnotised deeply—that is, to the point of being anaesthetised."

"In fact, at the present time, about one-fifth of a dentist's patients probably would be capable of deep hypnosis, and two-fifths capable of medium hypnosis—being hypnotised to the point where they would feel nothing of drilling or the other discomforts of filling a tooth."

"The question is, how are we to increase the number of anaesthetic cases? There are two things to be done. Operators must be trained—we are doing this. Secondly, the public must be trained to regard hypnosis as the normal thing for normal people. If they believe they can be hypnotised, success will follow."

● Afraid of having a tooth filled? Then ask for a spot of hypnosis, newest tool in the dentist's workshop.

When the operation is over, the dentist, first telling his patient while he will feel no pain or discomfort, uses a formula such as: "When I count three . . . you will wake up." And the patient does.

Who are the best subjects for hypnosis in the dentist's surgery? Children, by a long way. Ninety percent of the four-year to 14-year age group can be hypnotised deeply.

Of adults, Servicemen, used to obeying orders, are good, and of others, normally intelligent people are the best. Those who are weak-willed or incapable of concentration are difficult to hypnotise, and no one can be hypnotised against his or her will.

The chairman himself never invites people to be hypnotised. He lets the suggestion come from the patient. Not many people as yet do make the suggestion. Few know about the work the group have been doing.

To spread the knowledge, the chairman goes soon to Somerset, Merseyside and Edinburgh, to talk to dentists. The society hopes there will be intensive week-end courses in the application of hypnosis to dentistry all over the provinces and an annual conference in London.

"We have two enemies," wrote the chairman, recently, in a letter to a professional journal. "They are over-enthusiastic advocates, and blindly prejudiced sceptics."

The society, "strictly a professional body," will no doubt be able to keep the first in their place; society as a whole may one day confound the others.

FOOTNOTE: In the years 1888-1890, several thousand people in Hull had teeth extracted under the hypnosis of a Dr Bramwell, who was rarely present during the operation. He sent patients their "orders" by letters which were read out to them to produce deep hypnosis.

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AN INVITATION TO MONTEVIDEO

From SYDNEY SMITH

Paris. UNESCO is used to being financially neglected by its members. But since Stalin's death Russia has shown increasing interest in its educational work.

The Russian Embassy in London has asked the British Foreign Office for details of UNESCO's programme. So Russia is to be invited to the autumn conference in Montevideo.

This raises two awkward problems for the Unesco

Executive Board, which is already considering how to make up defaults in members' payments.

If Moscow accepts the Montevideo invitation, will the chief non-payers, Iron Curtain countries, pay up? And how can Russia be invited when all American staff on Unesco state on forms that they are not Communists?

These are only two problems in the 214-day Executive Board. But they are used

to confusion in Paris's Hotel Majestic where they are at work this month.

When I asked a Unesco official for some budget figures I was told: "The man I have to phone is a Chinese, and I usually find him difficult to understand."

Chief nightmare is that while Unesco's expenses go up, its income is dropping. For 1953, the Board faces the biggest list of consulting members yet—21 members out of 27 owe \$1,711,000.

Some of these members, like Poland and Ceylon Kai-shek's Formosa, have not paid for more than five years. The list of defaulters runs round the world.

But Britain and America, the two highest payers, do not owe a cent.

The Executive Board can do nothing about these defaulting members. Said a Unesco: "A member cannot be dismissed under our constitution. Even those who never attend or pay just go on being members. So in our budget we assume that some members will not pay services."

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY of a book certain to sweep to startling success . . .

'Getting to grips' with DOUGLAS BADER

by Paul Brickhill

AT the end of the research on my book *Reach for the Sky*, (Collins), Group Captain Bader said unceasingly that he was feeling "too ruddy naked." Between periods of charm he growled often—but this time with reason, because the book was an experiment and he was the guinea-pig. For eight months I had used a recording machine on him, and he had talked frankly without trying to glorify himself.

The project was launched over dinner at the Belfry Club in 1951. Bader and I had both flown Spitfires and Hurricanes in the war and had both baled out, to spend years in German prison camps.

We both used rude language and disliked pompous officials, and with that much in common Bader suggested over cigars that I might not make too abominable a mess of his story.

I took over all his writings, about 100,000 words in which he had recorded the momentous things that had happened to him. Also his flying log-book, combat reports, and over 2,000 letters, clippings, photographs, and mementos.

To put meat on these solid bones he submitted to over 123 hour sessions with the recording machine, an exhausting process but seldom dull because Douglas Bader is an unpredictable mixture of public school and uninhibited pirate.

Mostly we met at night in his flat, myself in arm-chair, beer in one hand, microphone in the other, Douglas opposite on the sofa, puffing a cigar and persistently trying to cross his legs that will cross easily, and Thelma, his wife, sewing in another chair, unobtrusive and an unruffled and effective referee when needed.

Disconcerting

THERE was no gradual revelation of Bader's personality because it hits you like a boiling stream-roller first time you meet him, a glowing, dominating charm that can change to disconcerting brusqueness.

At first I was uncertain how to act towards a man with no legs—did one refer to them casually or not at all? Douglas settled the point the first time we sat down to dinner. "Just a minute while I fiddle these ruddy legs under the table." He grabbed his right thigh, dropped his leg with a thump in the right spot and relaxed as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

Later at home he dispensed with his trousers and, about as self-conscious as a new-born baby, gave a demonstration, feet creaking as he thumped up and down the room with shirt tails flapping over the yellow painted rivet-studded legs. (This, incidentally, he does not do as a party trick).

I never realised before how essential ankles are. Try walking with rigid ankles and I'll bet you won't move one pace. Having no ankles, Douglas showed how he has to lean forward after each step over the outstretched leg until he over-balances on to it.

Watch him do it and you won't notice—he has it down to a natural art.

Didn't mind

BACK in 1921, the week he crashed, Bader was to have been chosen to play Rugby for England—the peak of a schoolboy's life. He was fascinated, callously, at the seldom occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that his



AT WORK . . . AT PLAY

Douglas Bader hoists a leg into his Spitfire . . . a wartime picture. And demonstrates a golfer's determination—and championship technique (right).

ings of an athlete who wakes up in hospital to find both his legs cut off.

My hopes were felled. He said: "My dear chap, I didn't mind a bit."

He persisted with that line until I thought he was being blockheaded—and more or less said so.

He said: "My dear chap, would you kindly get it into your unbelievably thick skull that I know what happened and you don't. And I'm telling you what happened. I do not happen to be a liar."

Patience is helpful with Douglas. Next night I probed again and the result was the same, but more vehement. It was some time before I really absorbed the fact that waking up in hospital to find he was legless simply did not upset him.

A jigsaw

I KNOW that sounds unbelievable but it is true, and the reason is that he is a rare freak with enough guts to recognise tragedy that cannot be altered, to accept it without tears or wishful thinking, and carry on from there to endure it or overcome it.

For a brief while I thought he was insensitive until one night he began quoting pages of Swinburne with obvious pleasure and understanding, then switched to other poets.

I thought that only happened in books. I re-read the stanzas afterwards and they all had a cynical tang to them.

Another time he said: "You know, the months in hospital after I lost my legs were among the happiest in my life."

I knew he really meant it but remembered that in hospital he had been surrounded by warm affection. The jigsaw of a very complex character was fitting together.

After a few weeks I was fascinated, callously, at the seldom occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that his

had no legs. Later I realised how seldom he himself can forget. That was in 1952 when I spoiled his annual holiday by going down with him and Thelma to Cornwall together with the hated recording machine.

In a lull from recording we went out to play golf. Unlike a normal man, Douglas, the iron man, usually plays two rounds a day. This time, after the morning round, he suggested we work instead in the afternoon.

I said firmly: "You're getting soft, chum." And only later discovered there was a dent in the socket of his right leg. When he took the leg off a great patch of skin had been rubbed raw and all round the top of the thigh ran circular weal.

He got busy on the phone and next morning a spare leg arrived on the train in his cricket bag. He taped the raw patch over, and that afternoon we went out on the links again because he will never let the legs beat him.

Fell once

WHEN he first got the legs he fell over 20 or 30 times a day, but in 12 months, constantly with him, I saw him fall only once—and that was when he tripped over my golf bag.

Sometimes in the mornings in Cornwall I kept cave for him when he bound out on rump and hands across the corridor into the bathroom.

That was the only service he ever asked, and that was only because he couldn't be bothered to strap the legs on to walk a few feet to take them off again to get into the bath (where, by the way, he shaves as he sits with a mirror on a little platform).

From the floor he hoisted himself into the bath which was developed enough to make a porch.

After a few weeks I was fascinated, callously, at the seldom occurred to me, thought of writing the book when with Douglas, that his



THE AUTHOR

never met before once asked me what was the hardest thing to do without legs. I told her it was drying me stern while sitting on a stool after a bath. She was speechless—first time in years, they told me.

He never played golf till he lost both legs, and he got down to a handicap of four. That is championship standard and is reached by about one two-legged golfer in a hundred.

One night when the research was over I noticed in his wardrobe his R.A.F. tunic bearing a couple of unusual ribbons that I recognised as well as the doubled D.S.O. and double D.F.C. Surprised, I asked: "What have you got the Legion of Honour and Croix de Guerre up for?"

Hair-raising

"WELL," he said, "it'd be a bit ruddy rude to the French if I didn't—and would say no more about either decoration, except that the French Ambassador had kissed him on both cheeks when they were presented."

I found out elsewhere that they were awarded for his fighting over Dunkirk and France in 1940-1.

Concerning his remarkable Hurricane and Spitfire days, he was bluntly objective to the point of insisting that his eventual hair-raising downfall into German hands was his own fault in a rash moment of bravado flying brazenly in front of a Messerschmitt (it was the same bravado that cost him his legs ten years earlier).

After eight months I had over 2,000,000 words—enough to write a long book of 140,000 words with the colour and intimate detail that is normally found only in a novel. That was the object of the experiment, but neither Douglas nor I would go through it again. He bore the ceaseless probing into private thoughts with

NO author has swept to the forefront in the postwar years more quickly and assuredly than Paul Brickhill. Like Douglas Bader, subject of his latest book, this Australian journalist flew against the Luftwaffe and was shot down in a prison camp he collected the raw material for his first book, *Escape to Danger*. Later followed *The Great Escape*—and the stirring *Dam Busters*. Brickhill is a writer who captured the spirit of wartime life. Now, in his thirties, he travels the world. His talents ensure his income.

markable patience. So did I. Real explosions were rare. Once when I thought he had been intolerably rude I wrote him a long letter from abroad, where I was finishing the manuscript, and shortly before he was to fly over to see me.

On arrival he looked innocent, and said blandly he had received no letter—putting me in the embarrassing position of having to argue my own complicated, awkward things face to face with a buccaneering jugernaut.

I handed him a carbon copy which I had by me with crafty foresight, and which he seemed to read and understand with a perfunctory glance. After some fairly impassioned dialogue he apologised with great charm, and we were put playing golf next morning with the old amiability.

All square

NEXT time there was a con- tractor's it was my turn to be bluntly outspoken, and I got a letter back saying he was delighted I was so unbelievably offensive, because now that made us all square. Once more all was forgotten.

Douglas and I are still very good friends, and I think we would both give much credit to Thelma who nipped budding clashes with a tolerant "Now, now, you two," and impartial tact. She was the luckiest break-Douglas ever had. (London Express Service.)

LET ME INTRODUCE THE FRENCH FASHION IN MIXED DRINKS

The Entente Cocktail—or When Is Rain?

By RENE MacCOLL

ANY lingering doubts I may have harboured concerning the free-wheeling approach of the French to the subject of cocktails have been dispelled by a new book on the subject, by two Gallic enthusiasts, which I have just read.

Not since I first read "Dracula" as an impressionable lad of 12 have I found myself in the grip of so eerie a work. I longed to put it down but was compelled to read on, driven by I know not what macabre fascination.

Consider, if you can bring yourself to, the Stout Cocktail. The ingredients: Two dashes of orange bitters on half a lump of sugar. Three dashes of Cointreau. Complete by gently pouring in a "fresh" glass of English stout. Add a sliver of orange rind and serve.

Handles, please

AND how about astonishing your guests some time with a Blue Blazer? Here's the way it goes: "Use two silver goblets, fortified with handles. In the one place a glassful of whisky; in the other boiling water and powdered sugar. Heat the whisky until it bursts into flames—then empty it into the warm water. Transfer several times from goblet to goblet.

performing the operation from a height" (le showmanship). "Add a slice of of lemon before serving."

Then there is the Blood Hound—"a dash of strawberry syrup, three ripe strawberries, one-third of a glass of Vermouth, two-thirds of a glass of gin. Feed me one of those and I am liable to start baying like a bloodhound myself."

And lemon . . .

OUR audacious French experts, not content with such unlikely prescriptions, venture misguidedly into the field of Anglo-Saxon titles with which to embellish them.

One such potion, consisting of one-third bitter Campari and two-thirds Bourbon whisky, is originally entitled "When Is Rain?" When is rain? Do you know?

Gin Crusta: "Garnish a cocktail glass with half the rind of a lemon (spiralled), two white-heart cherries, and a little collar of hone frost."

"Add juice of half a lemon, bitters, dash of Maraschino, dash of Curacao, and glass of English gin. One may complete with either soda water or champagne" (depending presumably, on the solvency of the man buying the round).

"But"—the snob touch—"in the event of champagne being chosen, one should serve in a tumbler, ornamented by a whole rind of (spiralled) lemon."

These Frenchmen being what they are, we encounter not one but two drinks entitled "Fousse

l'Amour" (loose translation: "Love Impeller"). Here is the No. 2 version: One-third cream of moka coffee; one-third cream of hazel nuts; one-third Calvados. And, it is asked—"boire d'un trait," meaning "knock it back in one."

In Sam's Bar

WELL, now, 'ere we are in to tres chic—presque cad—bar du cocktail. Et oes called Sam's Bar. Et vola—Sam 'emself seen possession, ready to serve 'ere so docteequeshed and cosmopolite clientele.

Paul 'Ere comes to Marquis do Toulouse-Bilcock et Madame la Marquise.

Madame la Marquise: Morning, Sam. Give me a When Is Rain—and don't spare the bitter Campari.

Sam: And for Monsieur la Marquis?

Madame (with a slightly contemptuous glance at her husband, who is looking all of his age today): For him? A Blood Hound.

Enter two British tourists, a man and a woman.

Sam (looking up from his oranges and lemon rind and cherries): Bravo! A Blue Blazer, yes please?

British husband: Well—ill. . . (But Sam has already started.)

Oh, I say, dear, look. The fellow is using two silver goblets fortified with handles. Why do we never seem to get this sort of thing back in Streatham?

As curtain slowly descends British husband is surreptitiously substituting his Blue Blazer for the When Is Rain of the marquise. Not that it will help much.

(London Express Service)

THE GLAMOROUS JEAN FIGHTS BY HER JOE

From Evelyn Irons

WHILE New York Senator McCarthy has been blustering his way through his big battle with the U.S. Army, his 29-year-old wife, Jean, has — to her furious disappointment—been out of the fray.

She has had to stay in a New York hospital because her ankle was broken in three places when a motorist, since fined for drunken driving, crashed into a taxi in which the McCarthys were travelling in a Manhattan street. The indestructible Senator was merely bumped on the forehead.

First she made light of her injuries but finally was sent to hospital protesting violently at missing one of the most exciting fights of her fighting. Joe's hot war on Communism within the State.

Glamorous, auburn-haired Mrs McCarthy is as tall as her burly husband, and just as aggressive. Their courtship was the stormiest clash of temperaments ever seen in dignified Washington, with flaring rows and arguments punctuating the romance.

Beauty Queen

"Terrible Joe" McCarthy, however, has described his bride as "the prettiest and brainiest girl" he ever knew.

Jean Fraser Kerr, as her name implies, is a daughter of a Scot—William Patrick Kerr, a builder who emigrated from Glasgow early this century. Like many another Scottish expatriate he is reasonably well and built

himself a small home in Washington. His only daughter went to George Washington University and finally graduated in Journalism at Northwestern University in Illinois.

It was there she was elected beauty queen of the campus in 1948. As many American and Scottish students do, Jeannie worked her way through college. She chose an advertising agency for her job and wrote radio scripts. But she dreamed of getting right into the heart of Washington's hottest controversies, which at that time were concerned with probing bribery scandals.

She first met McCarthy when, in search of inside information, she visited a friend who was his secretary.

The moment the Senator sighted her, he commanded: "Hire that girl. Give her a job in my office."

Hard To Get

But Jeannie, perhaps correctly estimating McCarthy's appreciation of something hard to get, was combative from the start. She declined his offer and took a job with another man, now Deputy Attorney-General William Rogers, who was counsel to the probing committee.

McCarthy, a member of this same committee, would not brook this nonsense. He persisted. Finally he got the girl—as his assistant clerk.

Forthwith Senator and assistant clerk began to be seen around together after office hours.

It was said that Jeannie was the only person with sufficient power over the rampaging Senator to modify the terrible language he sometimes used in his speeches.

The engagement continued its tempestuous course. During a

calm spell, Jeannie, who was brought up a Scottish Presbyterian, yielded sufficiently to have a priest instruct her in McCarthy's Roman Catholic faith, which she eventually adopted.

The McCarthys have just moved into their first real home after spending months in a three-roomed, furnished apartment. Even now it is not their own house, but a portion of the house of Jeannie's mother, Mrs Elizabeth Kerr, on Capitol Hill.

Rarely Seen

In some respects marriage has tamed turbulent Jeannie. She often reads aloud to her husband when he comes home tired. Women friends who formerly hesitated to discuss anything but politics with her now find she chats about curricula, chin and cooking like any other young bride.

Joe is a far better cook than she—his speciality is chopped veal and onion wrapped in vine leaves—but Jeannie is learning cooking. Senators praise her Irish stew.

The McCarthys are rarely seen at Washington cocktail or dinner parties. They prefer to dine quietly with friends.

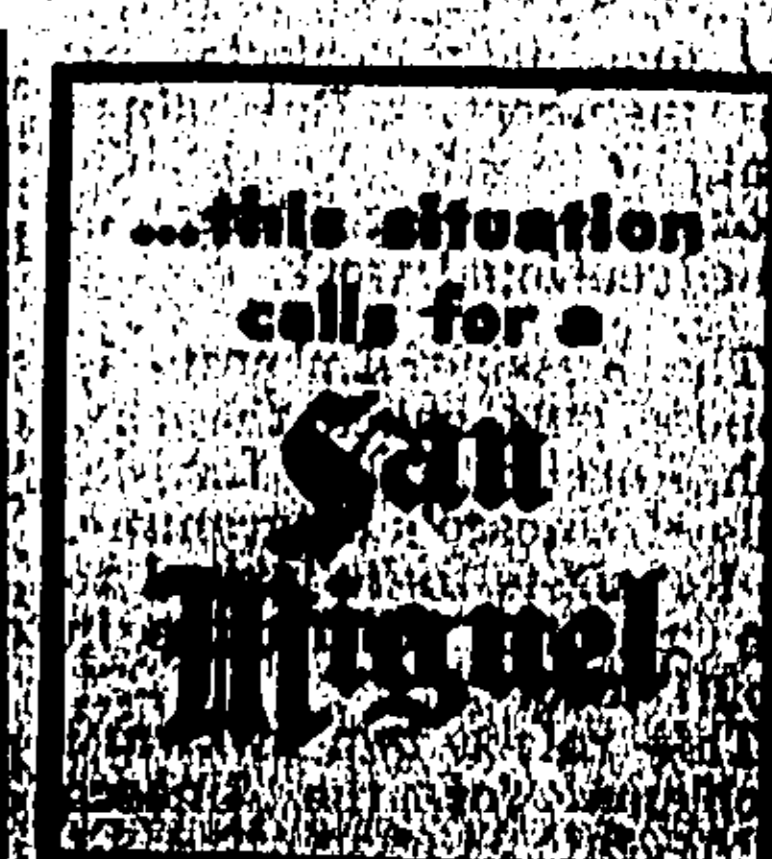
Jeannie uses the minimum of make-up—just powder and lipstick. She wears casual, tailored day clothes but likes to dress up for occasional evening parties and has a weakness for lace.

Joe is a keen sportsman, and likes shooting at game as well as army generals, and although Jeannie has never previously shown sporting tastes she has been on a shooting trip with him and even watches baseball and prizefights on TV.

His wife the favourite relaxation is—just talking.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



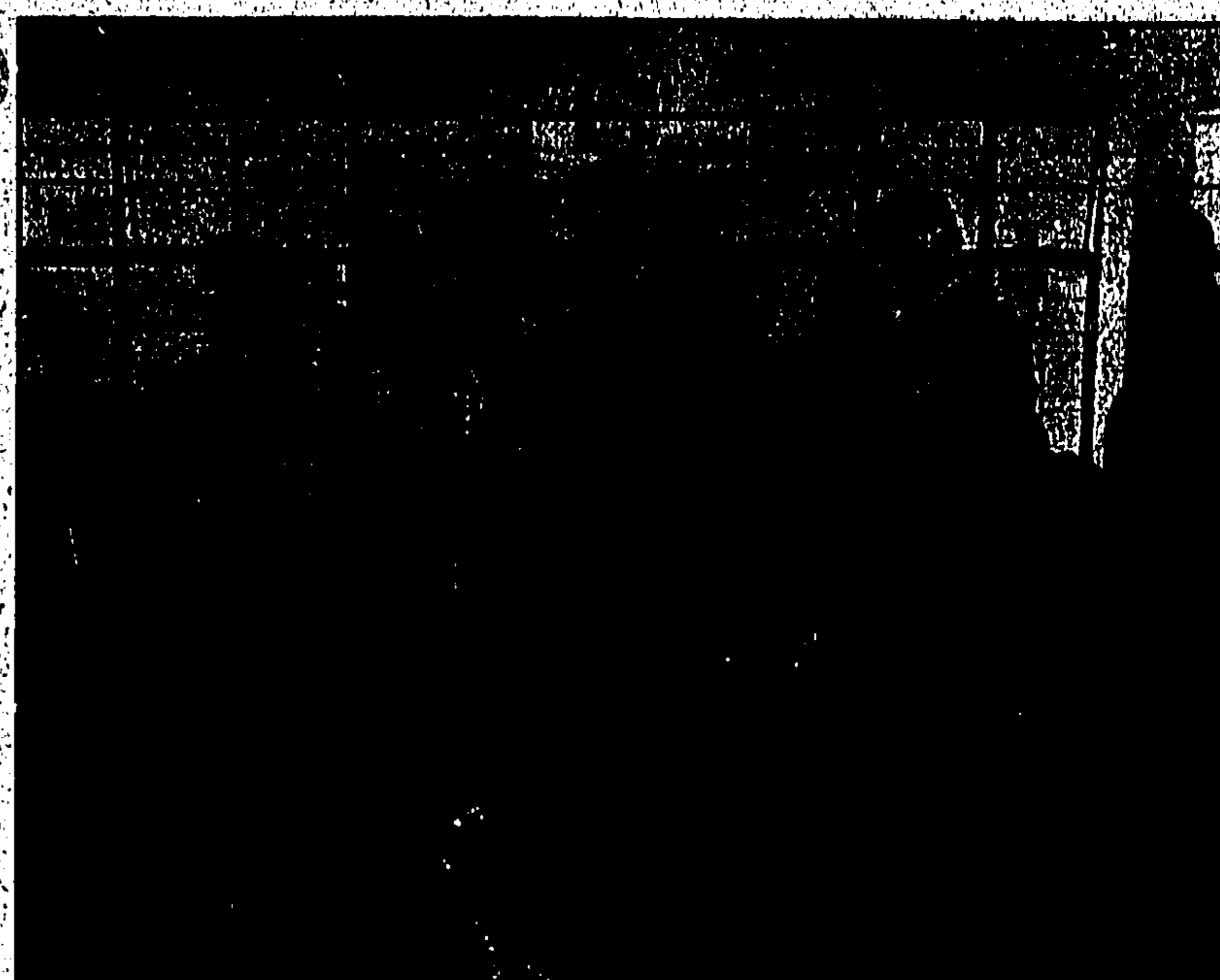
...this situation calls for a San Miguel



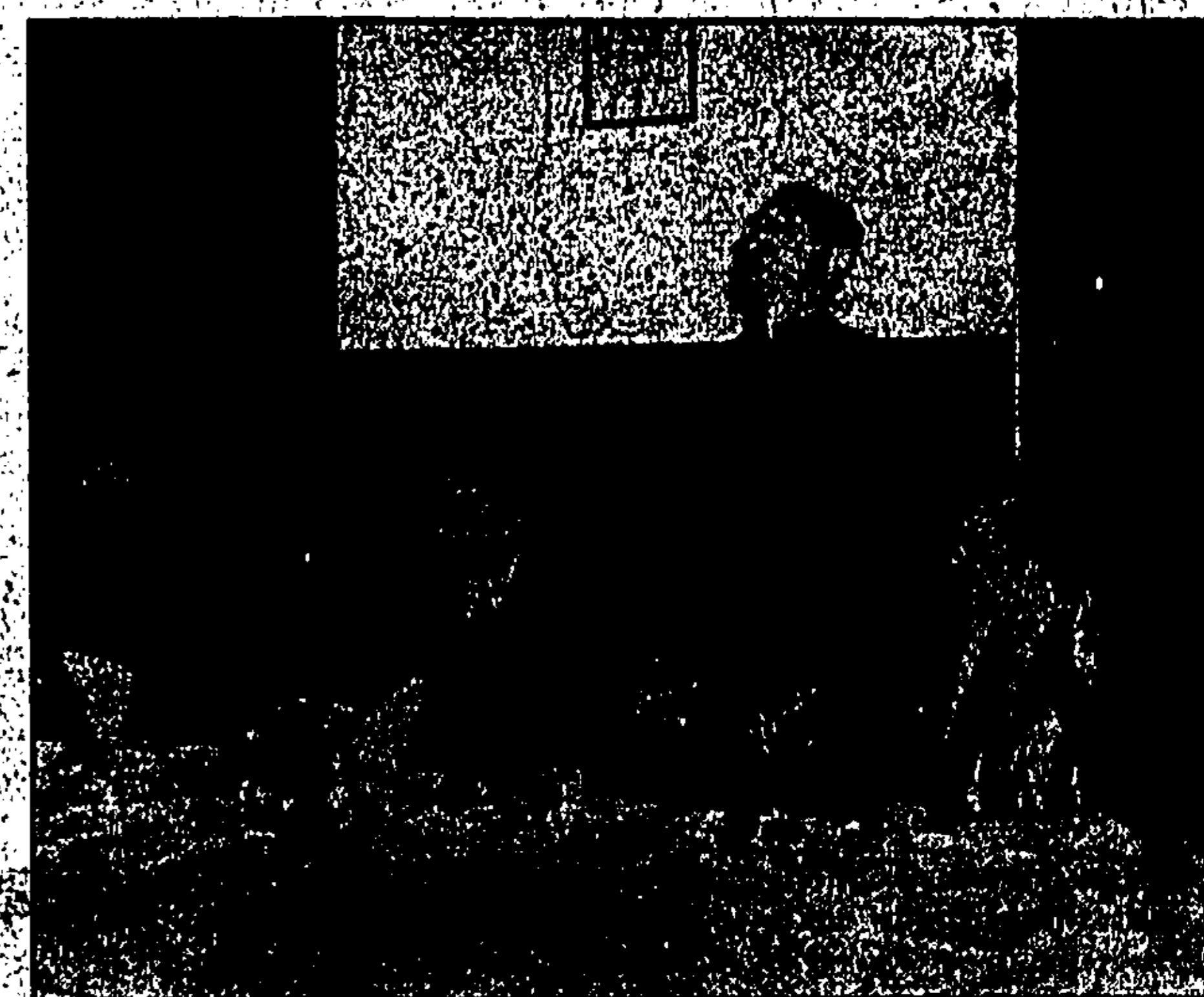
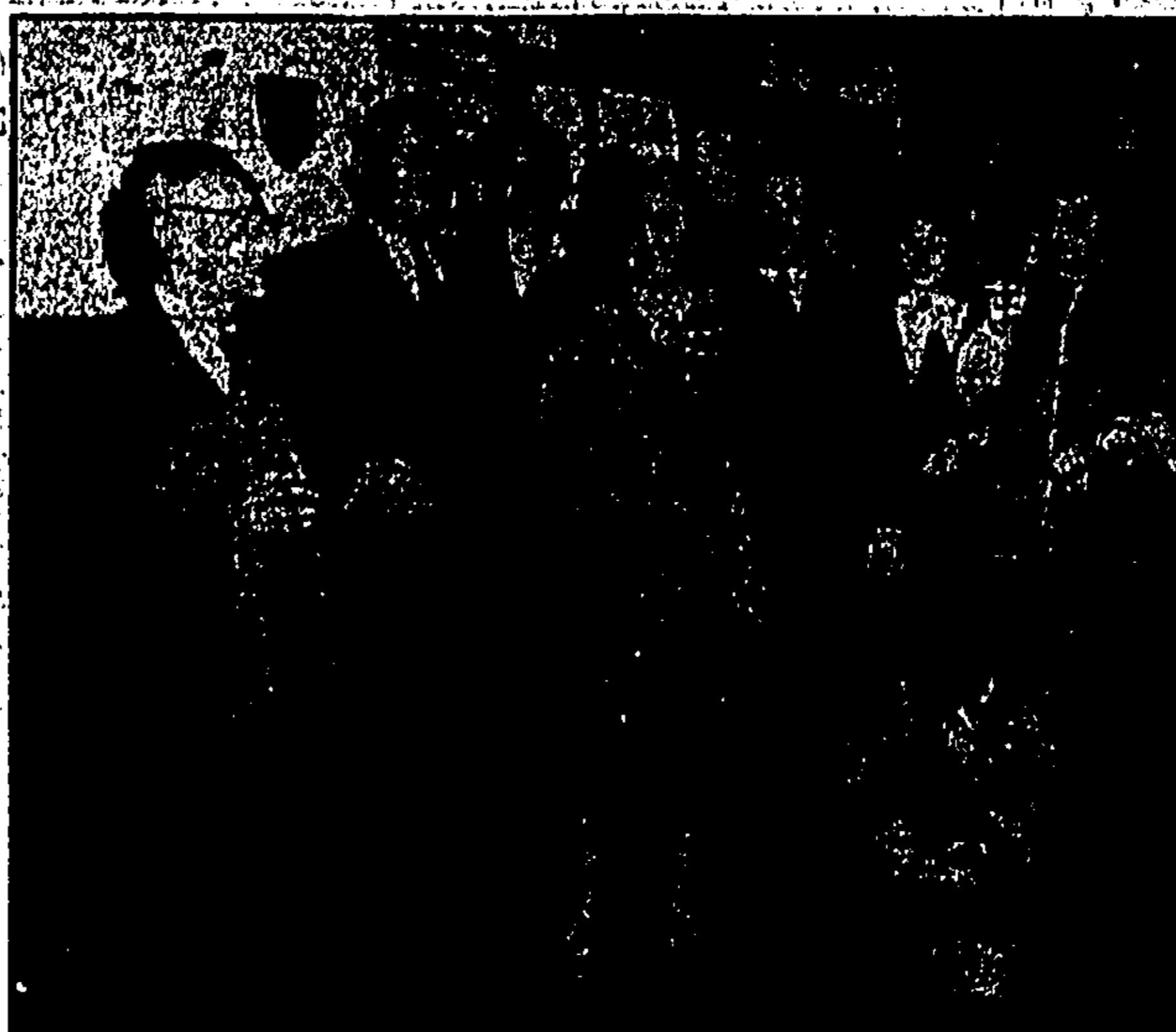
A very successful street drive was held last Saturday in aid of the Hongkong Family Welfare Association. Mr Joe Edgar is caught by the camera buying a flag from one of the many schoolchildren who helped in the drive. (Staff Photographer)



LEAVING St. John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday: Mr Philip Peters and his bride, formerly Miss Joan Murdoch. Mr Peters is Third Secretary in the Department of External Affairs, Canberra. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, watching the strength of a concrete block being tested at the Port Works Depot. It was one of the places he visited last week in the course of a busy tour of major public projects.
(Staff Photographer)



THE Very Rev. James F. Smith, Regional Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in Hongkong, speaking at a dinner of the St Thomas More Association held at the Catholic Club. (Staff Photographer)

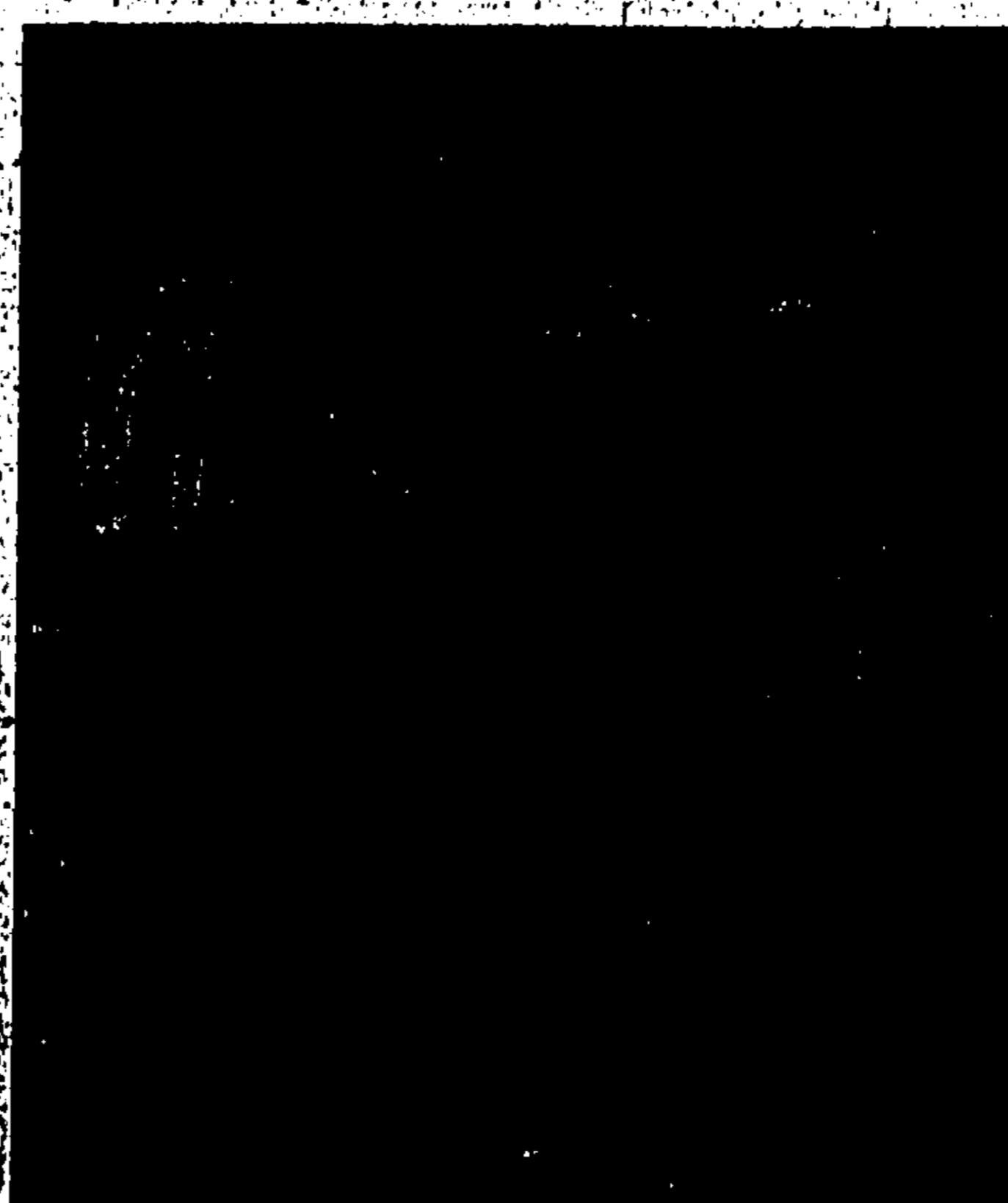
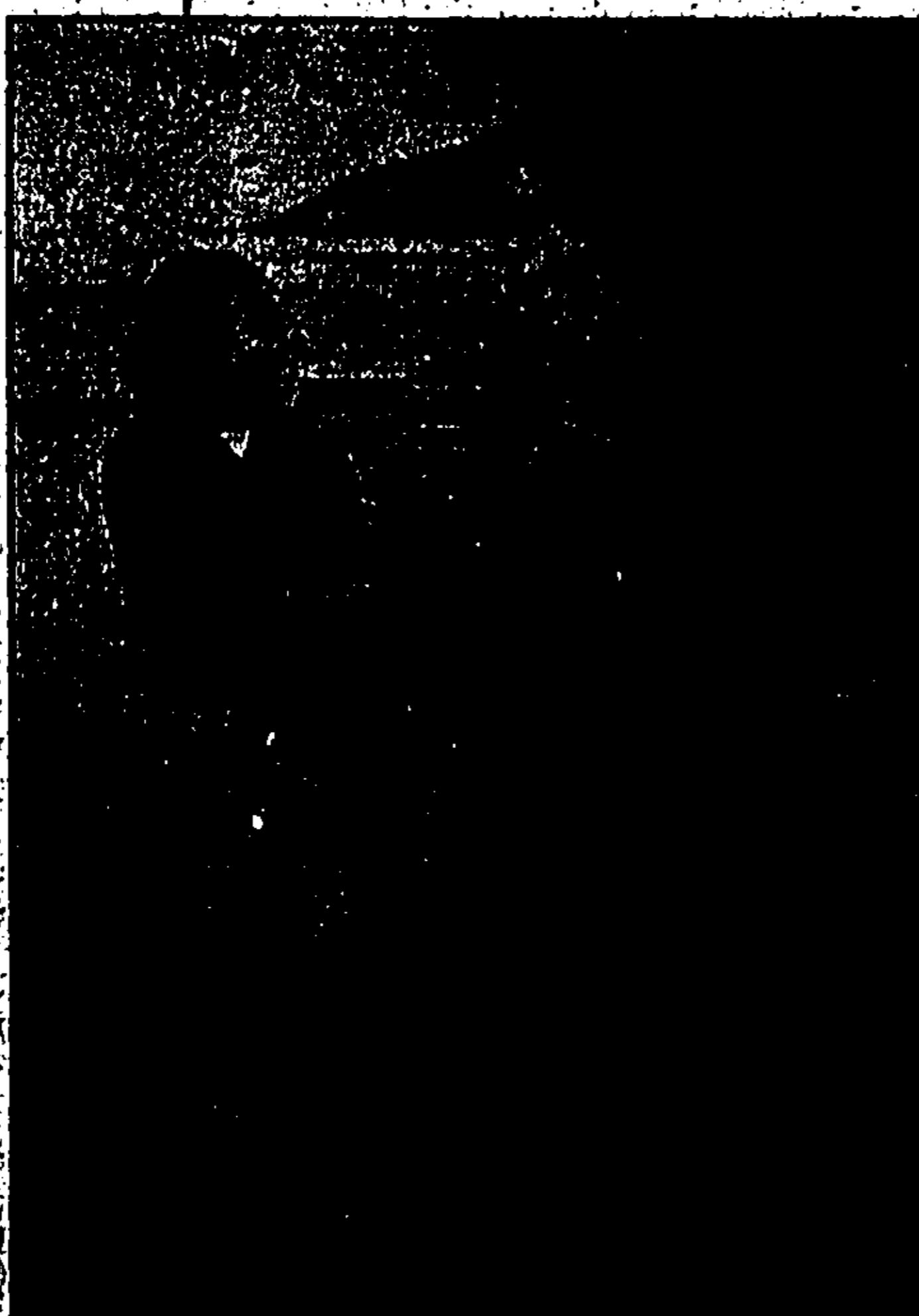


MR and Mrs F. E. Lawrence (second and third from left in front row) were teted by members of the Kowloon Cricket Club last Saturday. They left this week on retirement. Mr E. Abraham (extreme left), President of the Club, presented them with a rareware gift. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr Fung Ping-tan, Commissioner of the St John Ambulance Brigade, speaking at a dinner party given in his honour at Brigade Headquarters last week. (Mayfair)

STEPHEN XAVIER (second from left) winning the 100 metres dash at last Sunday's Colony athletic championships, held at Caroline Hill. In the left-hand picture below are G. S. Kennedy-Skipton and diminutive Fok Wing-sheung, who were awarded the Sir Gerard Howe and Lady Howe Cups on being named Athletes of the Year. (Staff Photographer)



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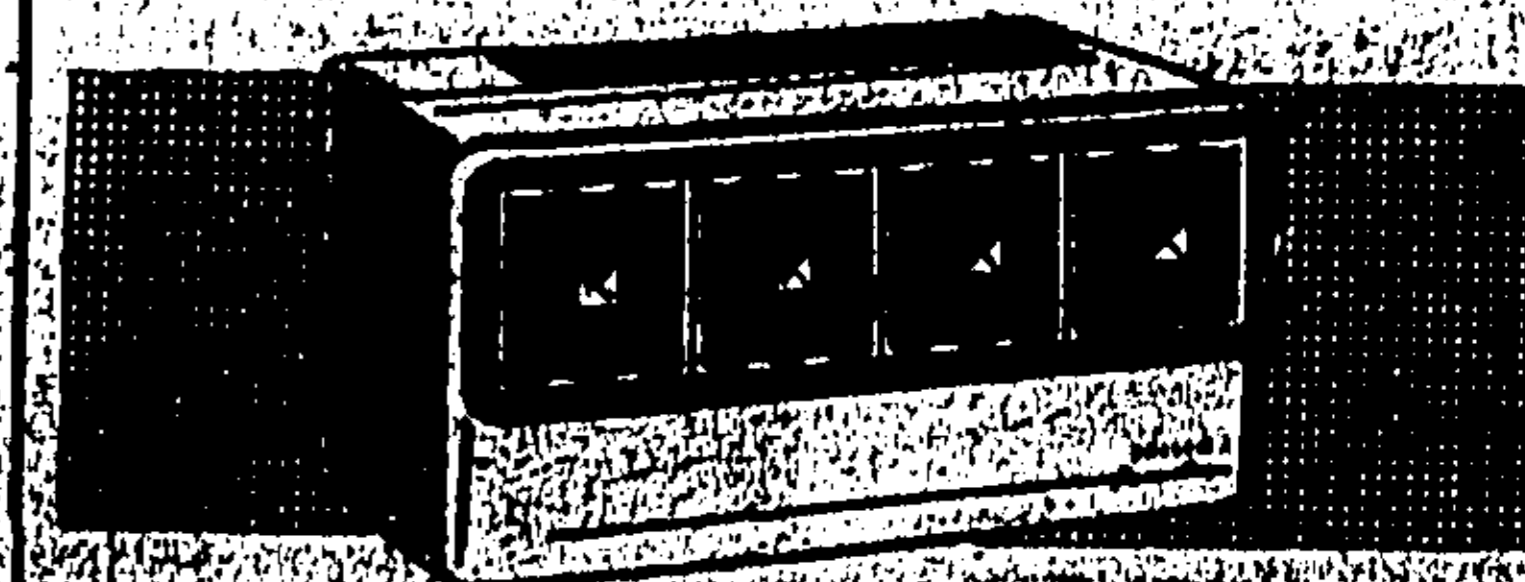
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MR Philip Au and Dr Raymond Lee, who were returned to the Urban Council at this week's election, receive congratulations on their victory from their fellow Councillors from the Reform Club. From left: Mr Brook Bernacchi, Mr Au, Dr Lee and Mr P. C. Woo. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture of students in residence at Lady Ho Tung Hall, Hongkong University, which has reached its third anniversary. Mrs Gordon King is the Warden, and the Chairman is Miss S. Y. Wan. (Ming Yuen)

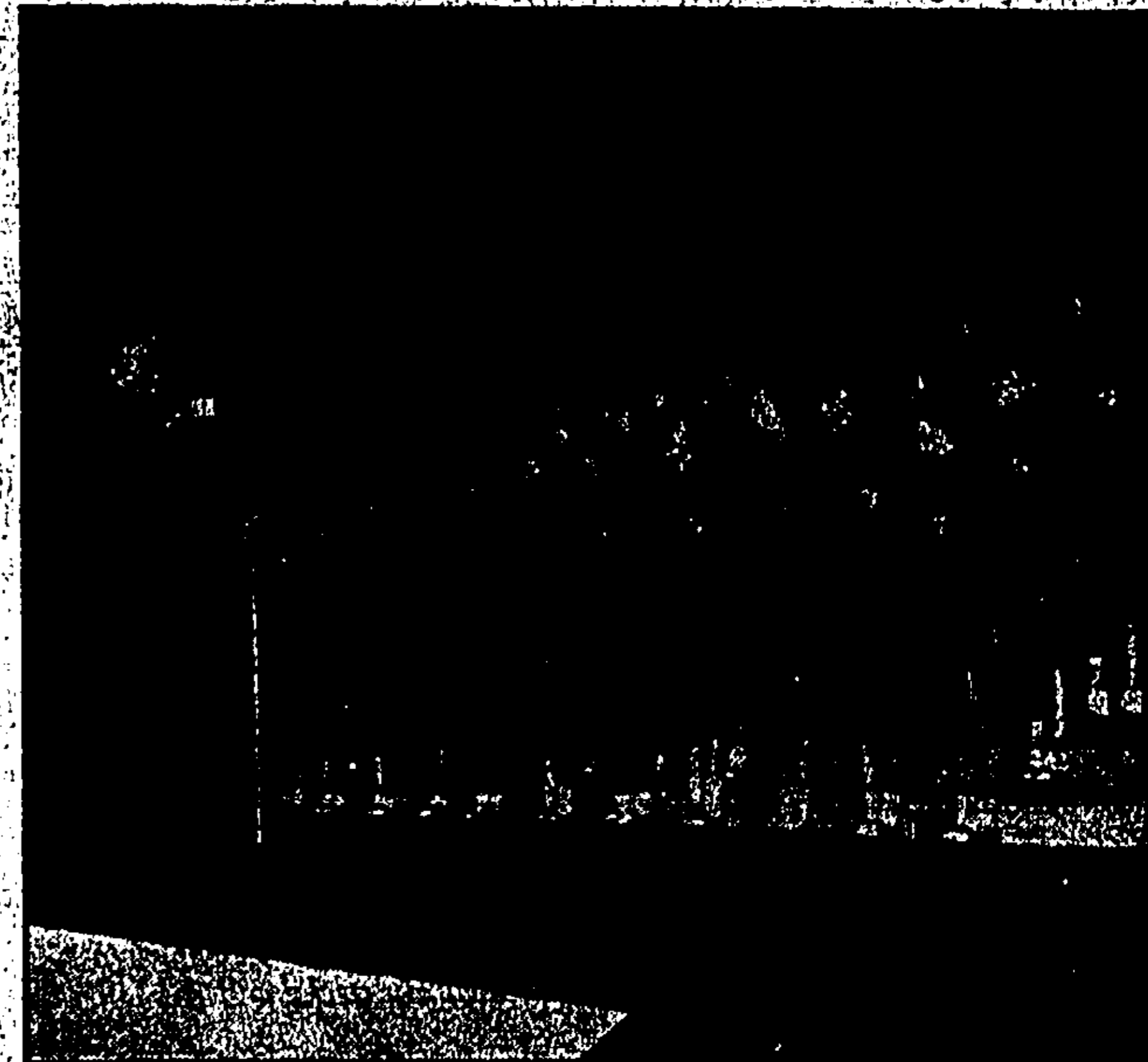
RIGHT: At last Sunday's christening at the Union Church of Deborah Vanessa, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs D. C. Readman. (Ming Yuen)



MRS Marian Hughes cuts the birthday cake at the party held by the University of Michigan Club of Hongkong to celebrate the 137th anniversary of their alma mater. Mr Vincent Lao, the Club President, is in centre. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Captain and Mrs W. Bosworth at the baptism of their son, Stephen John, at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



RIGHT: Professor Chao Mei-pa conducting the Ying Wah Girls' School Choir, which won two trophies for junior girls' choirs at the Schools Music Festival. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: King George V present students and old boys who met in a friendly rugby match last Sunday at Happy Valley. The old boys won comfortably. (Staff Photographer)



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AT the Colony Inter-schools athletic championships held at the Victoria Sports Ground last Sunday, the Hong Kong Chinese Middle School boys' team won the 100 yds. and 200 yds. sprints. The Hong Kong Chinese Middle School girls' team won the 100 yds. and 200 yds. sprints. The Hong Kong Chinese Middle School boys' team won the 100 yds. and 200 yds. sprints. The Hong Kong Chinese Middle School girls' team won the 100 yds. and 200 yds. sprints.

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*** PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ***

IT'S DANGEROUS TO MEDDLE WITH WARTS AND MOLES

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

WARTS and moles are mainly nuisances. But life's little irritations can be pretty poisonous, and there is no use enduring them if they can be avoided. And, just once in a while, a minor annoyance can become a major menace.

often growing in clusters, and then disappearing for no apparent reason.

MISCONCEPTION

Warts have always attracted superstition and folklore. They were commonly attributed to handling toads, which are ugly and warty, but are no more the cause of warts than the carriers of diamonds in their heads, another popular misconception. Warts are due to a virus which is not a very virulent (forceful) agent,

since most of us escape the infection, and those who get warts recover spontaneously in many instances. This spontaneous recovery is what has given rise to the numerous "cures" for warts—tying a knot in a piece of string for each wart and then burning or otherwise disposing of the string; rubbing the warts with a penny and then throwing this away at a country crossroads; touching the wart with a stone gathered in a graveyard in the dark

of the moon. Don't laugh! Readers of this column could probably furnish dozens of wart "cures," including the power of suggestion. They seem to work, too, quite often. Why? Because the warts were about to go away, of themselves anyway.

SEE YOUR DOCTOR

Ordinary warts are easily removable by the physician, who may use one of a number of caustic drugs. Home removal is not advisable because of the danger of infection.

There is another type of wart which is small, flat and smooth, but tends to spread. It is usually found on the hands. It is not readily communicated to another individual, but spreads widely on the skin of the infected person, unless checked. This type of wart must be removed, usually by electric spark treatment, which is painful, especially if the warts are situated near the nail borders, as is often the case. Treatment often has to be repeated many times over a period of years, since new crops tend to appear after all have apparently been removed.

Moles occur in almost every skin. For the most part they are unimportant, unless they are so located and of such size that they mar the appearance. Ordinarily, they should be left alone. Home removal should never be attempted; any treatment desired should be at the hands of a physician. Moles on the feet require prompt medical attention.

COULD BE CANCEROUS

Moles with hair growing out of them often become a temptation to amateur meddling, such as plucking the hair. Don't do it! Such stimulation may cause the pigmented cells to grow and become cancerous. Either let the mole alone or have a physician remove it surgically.

The ordinary brown moles which dot the skin are harmless if not ornamental. They, too, should be left alone, unless they are so located as to be unsightly or become irritated. A mole in the male beard area, subject to constant shaving, or one located where it is rubbed by a shirt collar, should be removed if the physician so advises. In women, freckles or other garments may cause a mole to be irritated; in such instances removal may be advised by the physician.

Whenever any mole, especially a black hairy mole, becomes sore or inflamed, or when such a mole begins to change in size or appearance, medical advice should be sought at once. Some such moles may be sources of fast growing, highly malignant and quick spreading cancer cells. Immediate and complete removal, and such other treatment as the physician may advise are required promptly. As to other moles—you can relax.

Household Hints

Transparent tape is a sewing aid. If pattern instructions call for gluing the material when you insert a pocket or put in a raglan-type sleeve, tape the area to be slashed. Cut through the tape, stitch, then remove. This way, the fabrics won't fray.

Remove the transparent cover from a lamp shade before using it. The material has a tendency to shrink with heat from the light bulb and will warp the shade. The cover also reduces the amount of light.

Protect delicate curtains in a washing machine by basting them into muslin bags.





SUEZ SCENE

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian.

He now begins to explain away what you'd think he might have known before . . .

LONDON. I HAVE a confession to make—but it is nothing on the scale of the confession Lord Beveridge has just admitted to.

Mine is that in the 'twenties I was a student at the London School of Economics, cosy nursery of many a Socialist planner.

It was a time of rapid change in the value of money. And to me money was of unusual importance. I was treasurer of the Students' Union. We depended for solvency on extracting a share of the fees from the school authorities, headed by Sir William Beveridge (as he then was).

At dinner parties and on other occasions this money question was discussed.

And Sir William, talking from a fund of experience that went back to the early years of the century, would emphasise the importance to the community of money that kept its value reasonably well from year to year.

For his part, subject was the well-being of the defenceless sections of the community—the unemployed, the disabled, the sick, the old, the widows, the children.

To them a fall in the value of money—reflected in rising prices in the shops—could often spell disaster.

'IF ONLY'—

ALAS, alas, apparently Lord Beveridge has now forgotten the theories he used to stress so vividly.

For now he goes on record with an astonishing list of "if only's"—the Big Might-Have-Beens of Money.

Britain's great scheme of Social Security, based on his famous report of 1942, would not now be in such a financial mess—

IF ONLY full employment had been accompanied by new methods of wage bargaining which would have checked the vicious spiral of rising prices. IF ONLY World War II had not been succeeded by a cold war which by diverting productive effort and causing high taxation, has curtailed a rise in living standards.

IF ONLY retirement pensions had been financed, as he suggested, mainly from contributions and not out of the taxpayers' pockets.

In other words Beveridge now admits that the biggest single factor preventing the achievement of Social Security was one that he did not take sufficiently into account in his plan—MEAN THE RISK OF SHARPLY RISING PRICES.

It is true that here and there in his report he comments on the difficulty of forecasting future prices. But nowhere will you find a full-strength alert that a sharply rising cost of living could by itself upset the whole scheme and leave what Beveridge called "The Giant Want" still rampaging round the country.

I suspect that in confessing his error 12 years later Beveridge is seeking to cushion the big shock that is coming to us all.

A PROBE

FOR I can tell you now, that at the end of this month the Government Actuary is due to start his first full probe into the finances of Social Security. And what he reveals is not going to be to the liking of any of us.

Beveridge calculated that in the first year of his scheme the cost to the taxpayer would be £250,000,000. With the rise in the billimet of the rate of insurance stamps

BEVERIDGE CUSHIONS THE COMING SHOCK

by Bernard Harris

But now even he warns us that the extra cost of merely restoring the scheme to its original idea—a guarantee of "subsistence" for all in need—WILL BE ANYTHING FROM £100 MILLION TO £150 MILLION A YEAR IMMEDIATELY.

Even allowing for the differences between his original proposals and the plan put into operation by the Socialists in 1948, the miscalculation is terrible. Beveridge is shown to have been millions and millions out. Such miscalculation ill fits the halo of 12 years ago.

For in 1942 Beveridge was the hero in miff. "I became at a blow," he recalls, "one of the best-known characters in the country."

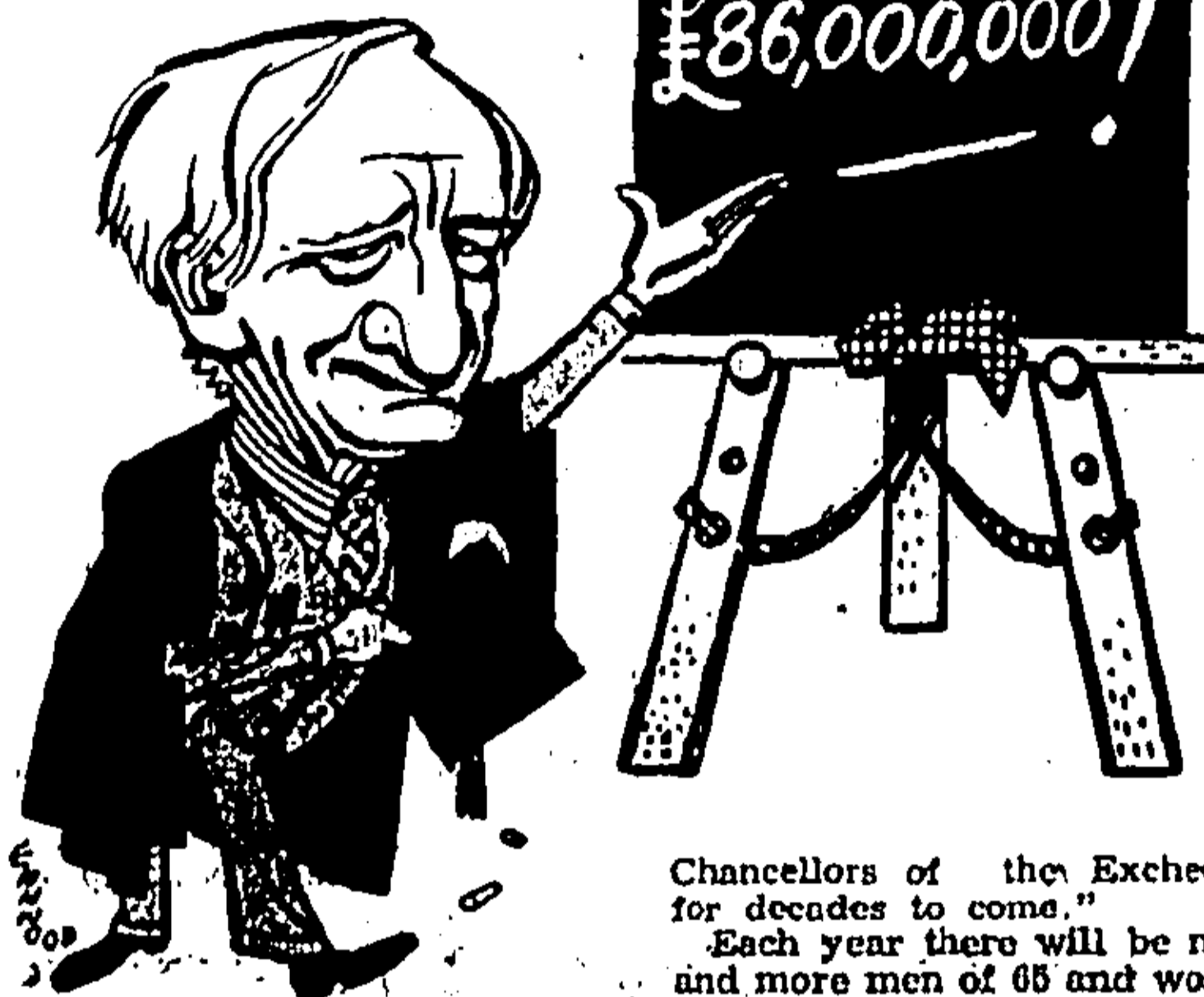
INADEQUATE

HE has lately indeed written about "one of the pleasantest features" of the Beveridge boom—

"More than once I caught young women surreptitiously sketching me as they sat opposite me in the train between Oxford and Paddington; if I liked the looks of the young women, as I generally did, I asked to be shown the result and autographed it for her."

What has a man who appears to be so conscious of himself to say now about the vast piece of bookkeeping that developed out of his original blueprint? He admits that "the foundation of Social Security—what he calls the 'subsistence principle'—has been undermined."

Despite an increase by the Tory Government, the benefits paid to the workless, the disabled, and the pensioners do not now provide the bare necessities of life. They do not guarantee "subsistence." There is hardship in many homes.



Chancellors of the Exchequer for decades to come.

Each year there will be more and more men of 65 and women of 60 qualifying for a retirement pension. And each year there will be a bigger drain on the taxpayers' pocket. In 1977 there will be £417 million to find—even more if benefits are raised.

What is to be done about it all? The Government will wait for the full depressing facts and figures which will be revealed in the Actuary's report. Then it will have many grave decisions to make.

Are benefits to be raised to restore the Beveridge principle of freedom from want?

● If contributions go up, how are they to be shared? A return to genuine "subsistence" benefits would mean raising the worker's weekly contribution to at least 5s.

● How much extra can employers afford to pay? Their contribution adds to production costs, and British goods are already being priced out of some export markets.

● Should the cost of the scheme be cut by a higher retirement age? Can more opportunities be provided for older people to continue working?

These are some of the tricky and troublesome problems that lie ahead: problems that were not envisaged by the taxman who, as Beveridge recalls, was driving him past Downing Street in 1942 and said that next time he hoped to drive him into Downing Street.

The blueprint which caused the quick boom in Beveridge and Beveridgeism looks a little shabby now. And it looks to me as if the top-heavy structure hurriedly run up on the basis of its design will have to be drastically modified.

Yes, the Beveridge bubble is finally burst.

Alec Guinness Taken For A Priest

ALEC Guinness believes that his latest film is his most hectic. He has the title role in "Father Brown," based on G. K. Chesterton's stories of the whimsical priest who tracks down crooks in order to reform them.

In "Father Brown," Guinness is thrown to the wet ground at the site of his church during a storm as he practices wrestling with his borrow-boy instructor. He is shown in the back of a car during a night police chase.

He has a vigorous bout of judo on a stone floor.

He falls from the top of a high ladder and shifts eight crates of full milk bottles in his surprising take-to make a hide-out for a potential convert.

Guinness directed a good sport, was director Robert Hamer's laconic observation. In France, where much of "Father Brown" was shot, Guinness was a "hot priest."

An Ex-Spy Tells About Burgess

SEFTON DELMER'S NEWSMAP

DUSSELDORF. YOU would expect, would you not, that British Intelligence officers would at least give a routine check-over to a man who:— ONE: is a close friend of Guy Burgess, the vanished British diplomat;

TWO: has himself fled from Britain to the Iron Curtain and holds a job now in a Communist office (in Berlin's Soviet sector);

THREE: is an ex-Briton;

FOUR: is an ex-diplomat;

FIVE: is at present visiting his mother in West Germany and therefore available for questioning?

But so far no British Intelligence officer has bothered 52-year-old Baron Wolfgang zu Putlitz in his Cologne hotel. Only Dr Otto John, head of the German Security Services, has had a chat with him.

Quite Ready

The baron is quite ready to chat. "You know," he said to me, sipping his Moselle, "I may have been the indirect inspiration of Guy Burgess's decision to come over to us." He smiled and quickly added: "Of course I cannot be certain that Maclean and Burgess are with us. I have never seen them or even been told anything about them. But then—such things are secret."

"However, I have a good notion that I was responsible. Yes, that is possible—very possible."

And he smiled again. After listening to his story, I agree. I too think it is "very possible."

Wolfgang zu Putlitz, member of a Junkers family, had used his position in the German Foreign Office to fight Hitler by passing secret information to the British between 1935 and 1939.

But in September 1939 he managed to get on a plane and escaped from The Hague to London.

Farewell Party

"Burgess," said the baron, "had been an intimate friend of mine since 1934. He was immensely impressed with what I had done. He kept telling everyone we met he thought I was the bravest man he had ever met. It was most embarrassing. Probably he made up his mind to follow my example."

Last time Putlitz and Burgess met was at the farewell party Burgess gave in his Bond Street flat before his departure for America. "It was a terribly wild evening," said Putlitz. "But everyone was there. Even Guy Liddle and Blunt of M.I.5."

Putlitz, a naturalised British citizen by then, was given a £5-a-week job as a shipping clerk in London. "I could hardly live on that," he said. "I had to eat fried fish every day. My rent alone cost me £3 a week."

"But while I starved Britain began to support the rearmament of Germany and the rebirth of German militarism. Everything in fact was being restored that I abhorred."

and to fight which I had sacrificed my name and my career. "I decided to get out and go over to the Russians." He travelled secretly to Berlin, crossed into the Russian zone, surrendered his British passport to the German Communist police, who gave him an Eastern zone passport in its place.

Then he joined a Communist publishing firm, where his next-door neighbour is John Poot, the former British Reuter's reporter who also crossed over to the Russians.

Well Launched

By now the baron was well launched on the propaganda line, he had come to the West to preach.

HOW the Soviet Union's only policy with regard to Germany was "demilitarisation and de-Nazification."

HOW the German People's Police Army had been formed in Eastern Germany purely as an answer to West German rearmament. They would be disbanded at once, he said, if the West abandoned rearmament.

HOW the Russians themselves were longing to leave Germany if only the other occupying Powers would do the same.

HOW the reunion of Germany could be quite simply effected by talks between the West Germans and the East Germans themselves without interference from the allies.

HOW they hoped to make a little extra money by arranging for some West-East business deals.

Older Now

Certainly the baron looked as though he could do with some cash. His face looked drawn and worn and far older than when I had last seen him in London almost nine years ago.

"But," and up flashed the propaganda line, "I am happy to be fighting Nazism again." Well, there it is. Don't you think this friend of Burgess is a man of intelligence, expertise should take the trouble to look over while he is around?

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A black and white photograph of a vintage portable radio. The radio has a rectangular body with rounded corners and a large, prominent speaker grille on the front. A carrying handle is visible on top. The radio is shown from a slightly elevated angle, and a portion of a person's leg and foot is visible on the right side of the frame.



The Siera SA 3052A has a beautiful wooden cabinet, though it belongs to the medium price-class. The entire appearance of this set is out of the galaxy: the wood has been chosen with the greatest care, gold lines accentuate the style, the white knobs as well as the magic eye contribute to the beautiful impression created by this Siera set. The performance is superb, thanks to extremely sensitive loudspeakers, built-in Ferro-Ferrite aerial and new Noval tubes.

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Rupert (Magazines)	1.00
No Hiding Place (Behind Scotland Yard)	10.00
Common Marine Food-Fishes of Hongkong (second enlarged edition)	24.00
Weights & Measurements	15.00
Chinese Crocods & Customs (V. R. Burkhardt) 4th Imression now ready	18.00

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.
HONGKONG KOWLOON



NANCY SPAIN detects
A GOOD TIME IN CRIME

It won't wash

Alas, it needs more than a will of steel and a nice new line in private eyes to achieve this ambition.

Mr Nichols has indeed thought of a new and charming detective, Mr Horatio Green, with a highly developed sense of smell who sniffs his way happily from clue to clue. But his plot—although I deeply enjoyed it as a straight novel—just won't wash as a work of detection.

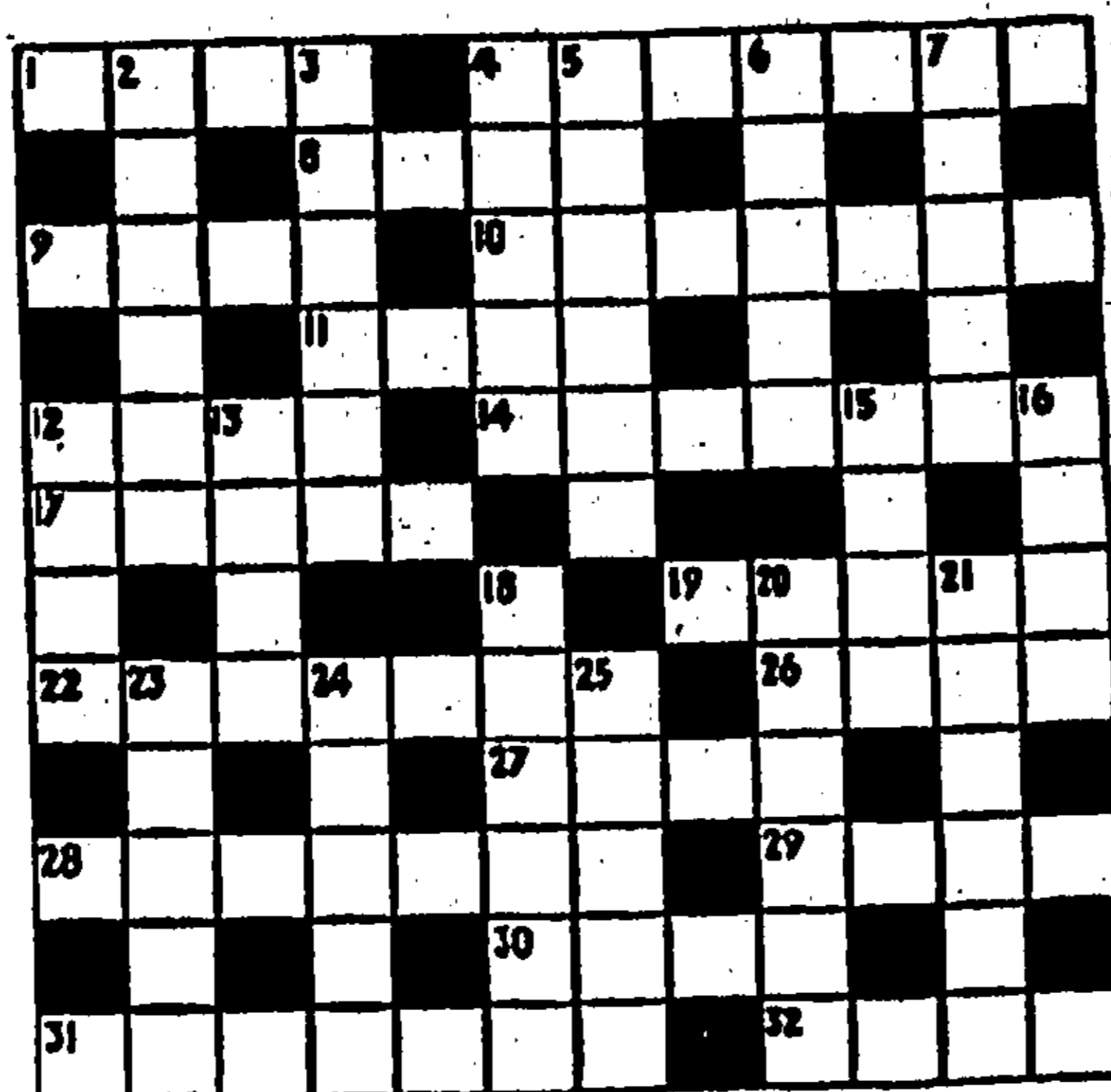
It's easy enough to believe that Mr Nichols could mistake Lyons for Paris if he had just got out of an aeroplane. But you can't expect me to agree that a regular Londoner would mistake Portsmouth for King's road, Chelsea. Apart from anything else, Portsmouth smells quite different from London, Mr Nichols. Mr Green would be the first to point out.

No, no, Mr Nichols, it won't quite do. What a pity. But just the same, I hope you stay among these criminal alleys and don't go creeping back up the Garden Path.

Cranky talk

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION
(Chatto & Windus, 6s.) describes

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS:

DOWN:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Festive occasion (4). | 2 Refuge (6). |
| 2 Epicure (7). | 3 Bedecks (6). |
| 3 Beloved (4). | 4 Dance (5). |
| 4 Novice (4). | 5 Speaker (6). |
| 5 Scurrilous satire (7). | 6 Mature (5). |
| 11 Origin (4). | 7 Run off (5). |
| 12 Change direction (4). | 8 Pack down (4). |
| 14 Sporting dog (7). | 13 Stratagem (4). |
| 15 Divert (5). | 15 Accurate (4). |
| 19 Sharp (5). | 16 Stagger (4). |
| 22 Gift (7). | 18 Request for repetition (6). |
| 26 Actual (4). | 20 Crawls (6). |
| 27 Quote (4). | 21 Almsgiver (6). |
| 28 Flying man (7). | 23 Competitor (5). |
| 29 Incites (4). | 24 Express (5). |
| 30 Harvest (6). | 25 Wary (5). |
| 31 Asserted (7). | |
| 32 Glut (4). | |

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Poplar, 5 Rasp
8 Fever, 9 Normal, 10 Vigil, 11 Rages, 12 Haul, 13 Rears, 1
Detest, 18 Eludes, 20 Sides, 22 Alps, 23 Stops, 25 Verse, 2
Elated, 27 Erase, 28 Plans, 29 Twists. Down: 1 Panthers,
Perfumed, 3 Afar, 4 Related, 5 Reverses, 6 Arisrs, 7 Prior,
Athletes, 15 Subsides, 16 Dusters, 17 Tempest, 19 Lessen, 2
Ireal, 24 Slew.

Life Expectancy Rise Ending

A New York doctor believes that unless medical men discover new methods, they are nearing the limit in increasing life expectancy.

Dr Perrin H. Long, Professor of Medicine at the State University of New York, said the increase in the life span has been achieved mostly through the control of infectious diseases. But that method of preserving life has, about been worked out, Long wrote in the Illinois Medical Journal.

Life expectancy at birth has risen from 46.6 years in 1911 to 68.4 years in 1951.

"It appears quite clear," Long said, "that we have almost reached the maximum of increase in life expectancy which can be gained by control of in-

"In 1951, but about 20 percent of deaths occurring in individuals under 15 years, were due to infections"

PARADE

The answer most probably is that the development of the Port for national defence was due to its geographical location and its harbour facilities, but a document just unearthed from the Library Storerooms answers otherwise. This is William Camden's "Britain" printed in 1610, containing the statement that Portsmouth was "more favourable and better affected to Mars and Neptune than to Mercury, that is, to war rather than to traffic."

Camden gives a "chorographical description of the most flourishing kingdoms; England, Scotland and Ireland," and devotes a chapter on "Hants-shire." There is a reference to "people sitting into the island of Portsey, which taketh in circuit much about 14 miles, being at every full sea floated round with the salt waters, out of which they boil salt, and by a bridge, that hath a fortress adjoining it, is

"This island Athelstede, King of Essex's wife, had given to

Hair-raising

IN refreshing contrast comes
ON TOP OF THE WORLD
My Adventures with my
Mountain Climbing Husband by
Patricia Pretzold (Collins, 15s).

Mrs Petzoldt was a student at the University of Wyoming when she fell in love with a professional mountaineer. Over a lemon drink and a bowl of soup he told her the story of his life. Then he went to stay with the Dean of Windsor. Then she married Petzoldt and shared his perilous existence.

Indeed, it is a hair-raising one. There are wonderful ascents of mountains, magnificently described, there are fearful journeys across India in third-class railway carriages.

Finally, there is an episode where her husband, who has become involved with some quarrelsome health cranks, tries to defend one of them from another . . . is actually tried for murder.

Apparently Mrs. Petzoldt decided to write this book when she was snowed up for six weeks in a shack in Wyoming with the temperature at 41 degrees below freezing point.

OVERZEALOUS REFORMER

49-year-old reformed Par
drunkard, was slapped in
pokoy last week—because
tried to lead too many of h
fellow citizens down his thoir

Gaston would settle himself in a bar beside a solitary drinker, buy him a drink, and announce: "You are killing yourself with alcohol!"

To prove it, he would put powder into his guest's glass. The powder was the one doctors had used to cure

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Your Radio Listening For Next Week in Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

H.M. The Queen To Broadcast To The Australian People

This week brings to an end the two-month visit to Australia of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. On Thursday, at Fremantle, they will re-embark in the liner S.S. Gothick. As they leave Australia the Queen will broadcast from S.S. Gothick a farewell message to the people of that country.

This message will be relayed from Australia on Thursday at 6.30 p.m. Accounts of the last few days in Australia and the scenes of farewell will be given by the team of BBC commentators in "Report on the Royal Tour" on Sunday evening at 8.15.

The new King George V Memorial Park, Saling-pun, is to be opened by H.E. the Governor on Monday. Radio Hongkong's commentator, Brig Young, will be there to describe the ceremony for listeners and to record the speeches of H.E. the Governor and the Hon. Director of Urban Services.

After the speeches the park will be formally opened, and the Police Band will beat the Retreat. This account will come after the news at 8.10 on Monday evening. It may also be heard on Rediffusion.

SCHOOLS MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Hongkong Schools Music Festival is an important event in the Colony's musical calendar. This year the Festival has been honoured, as listeners know, by the presence of Dr Sydney Northcote as Principal Adjudicator. On Wednesday evening last, the first winners' concert was held at Queen's College, and Radio Hongkong recorded excerpts from the concert. The programme is introduced by John Maclean, and comes at 7 p.m. on Sunday.

THE GRAND NATIONAL

This afternoon the world's most exciting steepchase, the Grand National, will be run at Aintree, near Liverpool. Run over a course of 4½ miles, with some 30 fences to clear, the Grand National is the most exciting race of the year.

Commentaries by Raymond Glendinning, Peter Dimmock, Michael O'Hehir, and Peter Sullivan will be relayed from the BBC over Radio Hongkong tonight at midnight.

PRESERVING BOOKS

Now that the warm damp weather is near, some listeners will no doubt be thinking of the annual problem of trying to preserve their books against the ravages of damp, mould and insect life. There are several simple and cheap ways in which serious damage to books can be prevented, and Bill Phillips will be talking about these in Monday's "Viewpoint" at 7.30 p.m.

VARIETY

On Sunday at 5 p.m. Radio Hongkong broadcasts "Crazy Days"—a variety show (recorded) which was presented on Monday to an enthusiastic audience from 27 H.A.A. Regt., R.A. at Stanley. This show is presented by a versatile company including Alice Hall, Brenda Rowe, Anne Hart, and Les Patching, and "Crazy Days" is produced and introduced by John Wallace.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

12.35 "SONG FROM THE SHOWS." With Carol Carr, Helen Clark, Billy Tennant and His Concert Orchestra.

Presented by John Watt.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.05 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.10 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

1.15 THE ORCHESTRA.

1.20 GLEN MILLER & HIS ORCHESTRA.

1.25 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

Presented by Theresa.

4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.

Presented by Peter Young.

4.30 "THE DEVIL TO PAY."

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WEEK-END SOFTBALL

[illegible]

JAMES PARK Visits CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD

16 QUEEN'S HORSES—AND AUREOLE THE STAR OF THEM ALL Temperament

Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford is what I would term a cosmopolitan trainer. He is equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic. I fancy he is also something of a dollar earner, as there are four American owners in the stable.

All the Queen's home-bred horses are at Freemason Lodge, and her interests are steadily increasing. There are 16 to carry the Royal colours this year.

The star performer among them is Aureole, whose misfortune it was to have been foaled in the same year as Pinza. But for that Aureole would have won the Derby and King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. Four-year-old prospects for Aureole must be brighter now that Pinza is no longer in training.

I am sure Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager, is well pleased with Aureole's progress.

The honest seven-year-old Philanthrope has been bought by the Queen to act as school-master and lead horse for Aureole. The four-year-old is being schooled to settle down behind his pacemaker, and it is hoped he will behave as decorously on the racecourse as on Newmarket Heath.

While Aureole is as keen and full of life as ever, he did not fight for his head when I saw him on the Heath as he sometimes does on the racecourse. He stayed in behind until brought to join issue in the last furlong.

Aureole's first main objective is the Coronation Cup, to be run at Epsom soon after the Queen's return. The colt will have at least one race and perhaps two to tune him up, probably at Newmarket.

Aureole is now fully matured and in every respect a stylish colt of excellent quality. He is as quiet as can be in the stable, and altogether seems more happy and settled. It will be all to his advantage if he remains in that mood.

BEST DISTANCE

My own idea is that his true distance may be a mile and a quarter but on a course like Epsom he should stay a mile and a half. After the Coronation Cup there will be thoughts of taking on Nearula in the Eclipse Stakes.

Of the Queen's three-year-olds most faith is placed in Angel Bright, a sister to Aureole. The filly has been given every chance to develop in her own time, and took part in two races as a two-year-old. In the second she ran Elopement to half a length and she will step up on that form this year.

Angel Bright has been thriving to a greater extent in the past fortnight than during the cold spell. Unless she comes to hand earlier than I anticipate she may not reach her best in

time for the 1,000 Guineas but she can become a fancied candidate for the Oaks. She is a sweet mover with the right temperament. She will not let the family down and should one day make a grand brood mare.

Festival Light is the last foal of that good mare Feola. The filly has still to have a first experience of racing and I shall leave her to show what she can do.

Martial Muslo is a half sister to Choir Boy but after showing promise behind National Trust at Sandown in May, the filly fell lame and could not run again. She is sound, once more and as a daughter of Court Martial should not be lacking in speed.

Brigadier W. P. Wynt's Premonition is the hope for the Cup races and should be one of our main bulwarks in that sphere. His record reads six victories in England in eight races. He was a victim of misfortune in his two journeys to other countries.

He was disqualified after being first past the post in the Irish Derby and almost had a leg severed when taking part in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. It was feared that might put an end to his racing career, but the wound has healed up nicely.

The off-side hind joint is still larger than the near one but it may still fine down. Fortunately Premonition's action is in no way impaired. He strode out with plenty of freedom when ridden by Harry Carr in a good pace gallop on the Waterlatch stretch.

I can picture him settling down smoothly and giving himself every chance to get the distance in the Gold Cup at Ascot.

What a lovely little horse Hilltop would be but for his dipped back. As he is high in the hindleg he might not be easy to place, but looks as well as ever.

There does not appear to be any colt up to the classic standard among the three-year-olds. Astraeus and Ambler II have still to run and I do not know whether they are as good as they look.

STAYER

Astraeus is a fine big slashing half-brother to Judicate. He is bred on the lines of a stayer and looks the type for a long course. The American-bred Ambler II was the property of the late Mr. William Woodward, and has



Premonition, winner of the St Leger last year, shows temperament at Freemason's Lodge. Royal jockey Billy Carr is up.

been taken over by his son, Mrs. J. Thurbay has a charming filly in Dream Girl, who should not be lacking in stamina. Lightly used in her first season, the daughter of Nasrullah is a trifle light of her frame just now but will fill out when the warmer weather comes.

Sea Dream is a nice medium-sized Hyperion filly and that sire is also responsible for Hypers, who belongs to Mrs. E. N. Graham, who will be better known as Elizabeth Arden. Hypers is the only horse Mrs. Graham has in training in England but she races on a big scale in the USA.

Of the Queen's eight two-year-olds the ones I liked best were Alexander, Biscuit and Bella Donna.

Alexander is a medium-sized colt by Alycidon out of Open Warfare and will be given every chance to find his strength in his own time. He is a good topped colt standing on the best of legs.

Biscuit is a black Fair Copy colt out of Terra Cotta. He is well turned and there is a useful look about him. Bella Donna is an active filly by Donatello II out of the 1,000 Guineas winner, Hypericum.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford has a few home-bred ones who should give him a lively interest in the season's two-year-old races. That might be asking too much of Devon Port, who takes a lot after his sire, Alycidon. It is rather as a three-year-old that Devon Port may come into his own. He is a good topped colt with the strong frame and colour of his sire.

Lady Humphrey de Trafford's interest is centred in Blue Hare, who was picked up for 45 guineas with a view to running in the Arundel Private Sweepstakes at Goodwood.

A new patron is Mrs. C.O. Iselin who races in the USA. Though she is now over 80 years of age she is coming over for Epsom and Ascot and commissioned Captain Boyd-Rochford to buy two yearlings to carry her colours. They are named Fairing and Aqueduct.

Another new patron is Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt, a Dutchman. His one horse so far is

Golden Charger, a magnificent chestnut colt by Royal Charger out of Melody In.

Altogether there is what I would call a nicely balanced team at Freemason Lodge.

(London Express Service)

Dominick's Bar Is A Likely National Hope

Says RICHARD BAERLEIN

Of the "big five" in the Grand National today I am going to leave out Tudor Line and Coneyburrow in the final summing-up.

Tudor Line would have to jump better than at Cheltenham, and there is no proof that he will stay the distance.

Coneyburrow is a different proposition. He is probably the best jumper in the field with the possible exception of the top-weight, Mont Tremblant.

ONE FEAR I have seen Coneyburrow in most of his races this season, and my one great fear is that if any horse is within reasonable distance of him crossing the last fence, then that horse will run him out of it.

The market suggests that the majority of backers have no such fears. That leaves me with Irish Lizard, Royal Tan and Churchtown. To find three others to make up a likely six for the National is no easy task.

Mont Tremblant, game as he is, does not appear to stay, despite his performance last year in running second. He was a very tired horse at the finish.

WON SIX CHASES Dominick's Bar is the fourth Irish trained runner in the betting. He has been an easy hat to keep sound which accounts for him running only three times last season and twice this season.

During an extended career he has won six "chases", one of which was over 3½ miles. Recently at Nass he was a close-up third to Churchtown and

Coneyburrow, and as that was only his second outing of the season, he may be said to have put up a very satisfactory performance.

He meets Churchtown on the same terms in the National for a 6-lengths beating. Coneyburrow, however, finished four lengths in front of him and will meet him on 15lb. better terms. That may not put Dominick's Bar out of the race. He certainly comes from a fine steeple-chasing line on the dam's side, and I shall include him in my final six.

FAILED TO STAY Ordinance failed to stay the course last year and has not been impressive this season. Gentle Moya has already been described as one of the best outsiders.

Although she would have a lot less weight if the minimum were not 10 stone, she can be expected to stay the distance and jump the course, two qualifications which enable her to retain her place.

Queen's Taste has gone backwards like a horse who has lost his form altogether. It can, however, be very dangerous to discard horses of proved ability. I remember many years ago Gragach running very badly before the Grand National.

As those at longer prices than Queen's Taste make no appeal at all, I shall have to include him in my six.

(London Express Service)

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Should The Fate Of A Test Match Be Decided On The Toss Of A Coin?

Should the fate of a Test match be virtually decided by the fall of a coin? This hotly debated question, discussed last year when Len Hutton, England's captain, lost the toss in all five Tests to Lindsay Hassett, has been revived recently by Hutton's further bad luck in the first two Tests in the West Indies where the privilege of batting first is so important. His better luck subsequently has only served to emphasise the problem.

With national prestige so much at stake in Tests nowadays—an unhappy fact but nevertheless a definite trend—there are many who argue that luck should be eliminated as far as possible. And one way is to cut the tossing down to the first and last matches of the series. In this scheme the loser of the first toss has the automatic right to choose whether he bats first in the second Test. They then bat alternately in the third and fourth Tests and toss again for the last.

Personally I am not a convert to this idea for I cannot see it guaranteeing a fair deal to both sides and the great snag is that it presents the groundman with a heaven-sent opportunity to prepare a wicket to give one side an unfair advantage. If he knew in advance which side was to bat first he could settle the match one way or the other. I do not say it would happen but it could!

NOT ALWAYS

It should always be remembered that winning the toss does not always carry the advantage it would seem. I have known several cases since the war when skippers have been downright thankful that the onus of deciding whether to bat first has been passed to his rival.

Did not Bradman at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, in 1948 after losing the toss smile to see a shower fall which helped his speed attack of Lindwall, Miller and Bill Johnston?

In the same series at the Oval N.W.D. Yardley won the toss and decided to bat on a wet wicket. England were put out for 52. Bradman lost the toss four out of five times in 1948 and yet Australia won four and drew one, while in 1953 England lost all five tosses and won the only Test that was finished.

In my opinion this was so because Hassett called "tails". During lunch there was a heavy shower which helped Freddie Trueman and myself to get pace off the pitch which had previously been denied us. Aussies were put out for a very moderate total and for the rest of the Test the wicket was slow.

So it seems to me that what ever happens the teams are still in the lap of the gods.

I am told by statisticians that about 57 per cent of matches are won by the side winning the toss. In countries like the West Indies where the weather is not so variable as in England the advantage of batting first is considerable.

There is most instances the game starts on a plumb pitch and before the end the spinners are able to turn the ball much more. And the wickets, unlike

England, are covered through a Test so the minor chance of a sudden change of weather coming to the rescue of the losing captain disappears.

PAID TO WIN

Brisbane was the place where it paid to win the toss. Storms are always liable to produce a "silly" and the Australian "silly" is a nightmare for batsmen. Twice since the war Australia batted first and then we had to bat on a rain-ruined pitch without much chance of survival.

In 1950 the result might easily have been reversed if Freddie Brown had called correctly—it is the privilege of the home captain to spin the coin and the visitor calls.

In future wickets are to be covered during Tests in Australia. And as a bowler I find it hard to understand where the fairness comes in. The batsman starts on a beautiful wicket and that's the way it stays.

Cricket is a game in which luck must play its part. But the best guarantee against losing the toss is to have the stronger side.

Moral for all countries: Get after your youngsters and make them WORK at the game. It will pay dividends.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

NINTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th March & Saturday 27th March, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 19 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the "First Race" run at 2.00 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADY'S BROOCHES WHICH ARE BEING ISSUED ARE NOT VALID UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1954. THE 1953 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$38.00. Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings. Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription, also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (27th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Agular Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.



Hotel Miramar
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The OGDEN Health
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Removes harmful Bacteria and all "off" taste associated with chlorination. Recommended for: Homes, Offices, Schools, Factories, Hotels, Restaurants, Cafes, etc. Now On Sale! The Tung Chai Building Co., Ltd. Tel. 7419 The Wing On Co., Ltd. Tel. 2591 Hop Fat Electric Co. Tel. 2121 Young Kwong & Co. Tel. 5404 China Radio & Electrical Co. Tel. 5419 Sunlight Ring Kow Co. OGDEN FILTER CO., U.S.A. Exclusive Far East Agents ANGLO-CHINESE TRADING COMPANY Suite 204, Canton Bldg., 2nd fl. Tel. 20023

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 10th Race Meeting 1953/54 to be held on Saturday 10th and Saturday 17th April, 1954 (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 30th March, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

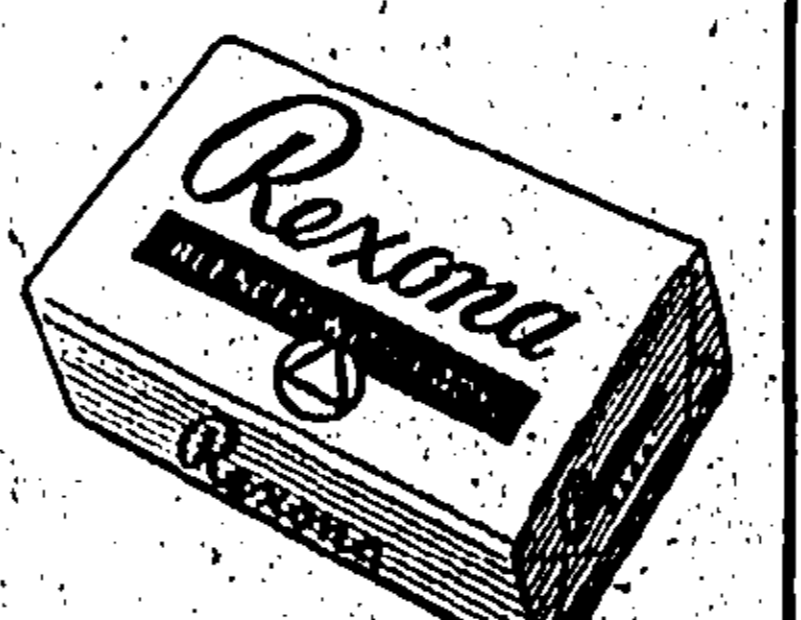
Despite the number of our membership under the Articles of Association being raised to 4,000, very few vacancies still exist.

The Stewards have therefore decided that they will not accept any applications for membership of the Club except under very exceptional circumstances.

By Order of the Stewards, H. MISA, Secretary. Hongkong, 27th March, 1954.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



What is Cadyl?

Cadyl is a proprietary brand for a scientifically tested compound of cleansing emollient and tonic skin oils. The application of Cadyl to the skin by the regular use of Rexona soap helps to give a healthier, cleaner and smoother skin.

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Page 20

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1954.

JOHN CLARK'S
CASEBOOK

The Genius

TO the film executive, looking from his office window, the scene in the street below must have had a nightmare quality.

For there in the street, brandishing his fists and calling down elaborate curses from the evening air, stood a man in a fox, or perhaps, every hair of whose full white beard seemed to tremble with anger.

Once, already, the bearded man had been shown out of the film office in a combined operation between a girl secretary and the commissioner. Now, he was laying siege to the place.

I AM THE GREATEST

THE film executive saw his car, with the chauffeur at the wheel, pull up to the curb. "I'll make a dash for it," he said to his secretary. He did so, scampering across the pavement, jumping into the car, and ordering it to be driven off, and fast, before the man in the fox beard realised what was happening.

When he did realise, the old man set up such a roaring of curses that a policeman came at the double from his beat two streets away, to find out what was happening.

"Now, quiet, quiet," he said soothingly. "What's the trouble?"

"Trouble? Trouble?" roared the old man. "I am the greatest film script writer in the world and that goes without saying. He resumed his highly erudite, and as he would not stop, had to be arrested.

I NEVER SWEAR

AT Bow Street, the old man, who wore his fox beard in the dock, as a mark of respect, he said, to Mr. Frank Milton, the magistrate, pleaded not guilty to a charge of using insulting words.

"I never use swear-words," he said, when his turn came to speak.

"All I did," he said, "was to call down a curse from above on the offspring, antecedents if alive, and spouses if deceased, of those who got in my way."

FIVE LEAN YEARS

"I WANTED to see the film director. Those people prevented me. I had with me four great film scripts. I would like to read you some excerpts. One on Joseph, one on Jacob, one on..."

"I'm quite sure they're very good," said Mr. Milton hastily, "but I don't think it would help to read them."

"As your honour pleases," the old man said, bowing so that the tassels of his fox beard brushed his cheeks. "Since 1949," he went on, "when I wrote Jacob—my first born—I have tried to appeal to all the most important film companies to recognise my great ability."

He lightly sketched the history of the last five, frustrating years. "Finally," he said, "I decided upon the company, that great corporation, for whom I have much affection, outside whose dwelling this offence is alleged."

NATURALLY...

"I BEGGED that my name be taken to the chief clerk, and they showed me out. Naturally, I cursed them and their offspring, antecedents if alive, and spouses if deceased. That was all. Now, sir, I should like you to have this to read..." He held out a green-backed pamphlet.

"It would give me great pleasure to read it, no doubt," said the magistrate, "but I hardly think it is relevant. This case is proved: You must pay a fine of 50, and I shall bind you over to keep the peace for 12 months."

"I accept that your scripts are very good ones. You suffer a misfortune common to many authors, good ones as well as bad."

At that, the old man melted, bowing low again, he said, "I accept your honour's judgment," and gathering up his papers and his considerable dignity, he left the kindly sympathetic court, to return to the harsh world outside, where genius, real or imagined, so often comes off second-best.

Where's His Lie? Solution
NEWS SECTION
LONDON: English Edition

For Third Successive Day

French Set Jungle Ablaze With Napalm Bombardment

Paris, Mar. 26.

French "Flying Boxcars" for the third successive day set ablaze stretches of Indo-Chinese jungle today with hundreds of gallons of napalm in an attempt to halt Vietminh preparations for a new offensive against beleaguered French Union fortress of Dien Bien Phu.

Twin-engined bombers went into action with 1,000-pound bombs against supply depots and troop concentrations.

Going On A

Holiday?

"Rainy-Day" Insurance Scheme

London, Mar. 26.

Hotel keepers at Eastbourne are considering a scheme for allowing their holiday-making guests to insure against rainy days.

The plan, proposed by an insurance company, would cost the holiday maker an extra 10 per cent of his hotel bill if he chose to insure himself.

And for every rainy day the hotelier would deduct the full cost of the day's stay.

If it rained all the time, the hotelier would deduct the full cost of the day's stay. If it rained all the time the visitor would get a free holiday.

A rainy day has been defined as one during which there is a rainfall of 0.15 inches, two hours steady rain or 15 minutes in a thunderstorm.

It must fall between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. during April, May, June, and September.

"Work" hours for rain at other times of the year are:

Between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. in July and August, between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. in October and 9 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. in December.

Experts at the Royal Meteorological Society, keeping in mind the thousands now planning their holidays, point out that July and August are the rainiest months of the summer.

They advise June and September for a relatively dry and sunny holiday.—China Mail Special.

Future Of German Criminals To Be Discussed

Bonn, Mar. 26.

The Soviet High Commissioner in Germany, Mr. Vladimir Semenov, has informed the three Western High Commissioners that he is ready to discuss with them the question of the German war criminals detained in Spandau Gaol, allied circles said here today.

The date and place of this meeting, it is understood, has been left to the Western High Commissioners to decide upon.

The seven Nazi war criminals at present held in Spandau Prison in Berlin are former Admiral Karl Doenitz, 69, sentenced to 10 years, former Admiral Erich Raeder, 78, sentenced to life imprisonment, Baron Konstantin von Neurath, 81, former Foreign Minister and "Protector" of Bohemia and Moravia, sentenced to 15 years, Rudolf Hess, 60, sentenced to life imprisonment, Baldur von Schirach, 47, former leader of the Hitler Youth, sentenced to 20 years, former Armaments Minister Albert Speer, 49, sentenced to 20 years, and former Economics Minister Walther Funk, 64, sentenced to life imprisonment.—France-Press.

Pope May Preach Lenten Sermon

Vatican City, Mar. 26.

His Holiness the Pope may preach the last sermon of Lent in the Papal Apartments on April 6, according to reliable sources here today.

He would thus have the first opportunity of conferring with the members of the Sacred College since he became ill.—France-Press.

Queen Will See 100 Elephants In Ceylon

Ferth, Mar. 26.

One hundred elephants, decked in lavish regalia, will take part in a procession for Queen Elizabeth when she visits Ceylon next month.

This was stated today by Colonel G.F. Jayawardane who will attend the Queen at official functions in Ceylon and act as informant. He arrived in Fremantle today.

He said the people of Ceylon were full of enthusiasm and "keyed up to concert pitch" for the Royal visit.

He added that the colourful Raja Perahera procession, usually staged in July or August at Kandy, was being held earlier this year because of the Royal visit.

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive in Ceylon on April 10.

Colonel Jayawardane will stay on the Royal yacht Gothic during the Queen's stay in Western Australia.—China Mail Special.

Overtime Ban Threat At Vickers Works

Manchester, Mar. 26.

Shop stewards representing 15,000 workers at Metropolitan Vickers, Trafford Park, Manchester, today demanded an immediate reimposition of the ban on overtime and limitation of piece work if discussions on their 15 per cent wage claim for engineers fails.

They sent their resolution to the National Executive of the Confederation of Shipbuilding Engineering Unions.

A spokesman said: "If this fails to achieve satisfaction, then we call for a national strike."

A meeting of ship stewards at London airport tonight affirmed the decision of 200 skilled British European Airways technicians to ban overtime in support of a wage claim.

An unofficial ban was imposed 24 hours earlier.

A BEA spokesman said "we are not likely to feel the effect of the ban for some days since we have no overtime scheduled for the weekend."—Reuter.

Morea Meets Gardini In Tennis Final

Alexandria, Mar. 26.

Argentine tennis star Enrique Morea entered the final of the men's singles event of the Open International Tennis Championships here today.

Morea, in his semi-final match, beat the United States star, Budgie Patty, 2-0, 3-6, 6-3, 8-1, 7-5.

The second semi-finals of the men's singles was won by Italy's Fausto Gardini, who will now meet Morea in the finals. In his semi-finals match Gardini beat the American G. Shea, 10-8, 6-1, 6-2.

The American-German team of Budgie Patty and Gottfried Von Cramm entered the final of the men's doubles when they beat the Swedish team of Lennart Berglund and Staffan Stockenberg 6-3, 6-3, in their semi-finals match.—United Press.

Coneyburrow Is 7-1 Favourite For Grand National

Liverpool, Mar. 26.

A field of just under 30 will start tomorrow afternoon for the world's greatest steeplechase, the Grand National, to be run over a 30 jump course of four and a half miles at Aintree near here.

The winner takes just under £9,000, the smallest purse since the war. The favourite is Coneyburrow starting at 7-1.

There is no previous winner in today's field but Irish Lizard was third last year, Legal Joy second in 1952 and Royal Tan second in 1951.

All three are much fancied to pull out that bit extra in a race which is featured by the battle for supremacy between Ireland and England.

The Irish hope to emulate France's feat in the Lincolnshire Handicap on Wednesday by pulling off the National second leg of the "Spring Double" and confound the British.

The leading horses were backed to win a total of £142,000 at the eve-of-race callover at the Victoria Club last night. Coneyburrow retained his position of favourite, his price being slipped by half a point to seven to one.

He was backed to win £18,000.

OUTSIDERS BACKED

All 29 probabilities were supported. The heaviest backed were Legal Joy and Churchtown, each being taken to win £18,000 at their respective prices.

Of the outsiders more interest was shown in Whispering Steel, Icy Calm and Martini.

Final offers were:

7-1 Coneyburrow.

9-1 Irish Lizard and Royal Tan.

100-8 Churchtown and Tudor Line.

18-1 Gentle Moya.

22-1 Sanperion.

25-1 Legal Joy.

28-1 Ordinance, Dominicks Bar and Southern Coup.

40-1 Whispering Steel, Stasman and Gay Monarch.

50-1 Icy Calm, Vake, Border Luck and Uncle Barney.

66-1 Punchestown Star, Prince of Arragon, Paris, New York, Ontray, Alberoni, Hibernia, Martini and Royal Swan.

100-1 Swinton Hero, Minimax and Triple Torch.

9-YEAR-OLDS

The right age is nine for in the last 25 years ten winners and 12 placed horses have been this age.

The best supported nine-year-olds tomorrow are Churchtown, Tudor Line and Sanperion.

Still, a "veteran" seven-year-old won the Lincolnshire Handicap for the first time for more than 70 years, so tomorrow it could be a day for an old stayer like 13-year-old Prince of Arragon, the oldest competitor.

May be the "baby" of the party, six-year-old Ontray will rise to the occasion.—China Mail Special.

Guided Missile

To Be Exhibited
Adelaide, Mar. 26.
An Australian-built guided missile is to be shown at the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' air exhibition at Farnborough, it was announced here today.—France-Press.

No Immediate Action On Pondicherry

Pondicherry, Mar. 26.

The French Government in India has postponed indefinitely a meeting of the French India Representative National Assembly arranged for tomorrow.

French India High Commissioner, M. Andre Menard, said here today.

M. Menard told reporters that no action would be taken to dissolve the Assembly.

Last week, M. Edouard Goubert, Deputy for French India in the French National Assembly, and four ministers of the French India Socialist Party declared that they would move a resolution at tomorrow's meeting of the Representative Assembly demanding the immediate merger of French settlements in India within the Indian Union without a referendum.

The French India Socialist Party holds 32 of the 39 seats in the Assembly.

DEMANDING RETURN

The Indian Government is demanding the return of Pondicherry and three other French settlements—Mahe, Karaikal and Yanam.

M. Deschamps, French Administrator for Overseas Colonies, who has been appointed to Mahe, said in Madras today that the French Government favoured a referendum under international control to determine the future of the French settlements. He has left Madras to call on M. Menard before taking up his post in Mahe.

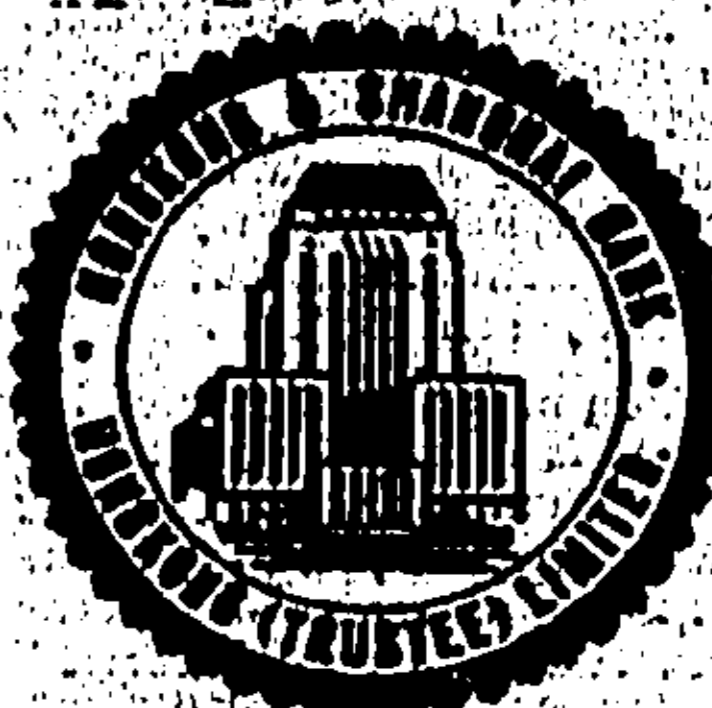
Mr. R. Ramaswamiyaswami, President of the Karikal National Youth Congress, said today that the method employed by French officials to hold on to their possessions "are highly deplorable."

He said that the Youth Congress will launch a campaign tomorrow supporting the Indian demands and "carry on until the goal is reached."—Reuter.

NOT TOLERATED

New Delhi, Mar. 26.
The Indian Premier, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru, told a meeting in Kanpur today that foreign possessions in India could be classed as military bases and could no longer be tolerated.

The Premier claimed that the French authorities committed an atrocity in allegedly arresting several persons seeking refuge in India after the recent Pondicherry incidents and added that this action was improper and unjustified.—France-Press.



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LIMITED
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Banking Corporation
Hong Kong

NOTICE

THE LADIES' RECREATION
CLUB

NOTICE IS HEREBY
GIVEN that the Annual
General Meeting of the Club
will be held at the Club House
on Monday, 29th March, 1954,
at 5.30 p.m. for the purpose
of receiving the Committee's
Report and Statement of
Accounts for the year ended
31st December, 1953; electing
the General and Ballotting
Committees; and appointing
Auditors.

R. M. MAYNARD,
Secretary.

Hongkong, 1st March, 1954.

This meeting will be
followed by a discussion on
the Clubs' future building
plans.

NOTICE

EUGENE CHEONG
B.D.Sc. L.D.S. (Brisbane)
has commenced Dental
Practice on 26th March, 1954
as an Assistant to
H. F. SHIELDS
at
Rooms 211-215 Gloucester
Building, 2nd Floor.
Tel: 27447

and
1, Salisbury Road.
Tel. 50245

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR
THE PREVENTION OF
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is
situated at Beaconfield Arcade,
Queen's Road Central, Hong
Kong.

Members and the Public can
contact an Official of the
Society by dialling 37870 by
day and 37894 by night.

Subscription and Donation
should be sent to—
A. G. GARDNER, Esq.,
P. & O. Building,
Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd.,
Hong Kong.

HONGKONG COUNCIL
OF SOCIAL SERVICE

To co-ordinate the activities of
voluntary welfare organizations, and
to promote the knowledge and
practice of social welfare work,
the Council was set up by the
Government in 1945. It is
headed by the Governor, and
has a wide representation in
the community.

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CHINA MAIL

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and other countries \$7.00 per month.

News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary.
Telephone: 2611 (4 Lines).
Kowloon Office:
Salisbury Road,
Telephone: 3733

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by appointment. Please call Alice
Lau, 40 King Kwong St., and A.
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CHURCH NOTICES
ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Missions to Seamen,
40 Gloucester Road.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other services arranged at any
time by request).

NOTICE
The following advertisement
has appeared in United Kingdom
papers—
MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT
AND CIVIL AVIATION

SHIP FOR SALE
1. The Ministry of Transport
and Civil Aviation invites offers
for the purchase from him of the
undermentioned ship, "has
lying" at Hong Kong after
removal of certain Naval equipment
and stores. If purchased for
scrap, certain other equipment
will not be included in the
sale and will be removed
before delivery to purchaser.

2. Offers for this ship will
be considered from any person
and should be made in writing
to the Secretary, Ministry of
Transport and Civil Aviation,
Room 4017, Berkeley Square
House, London, W.1. Envelopes
should be clearly marked "offer
to purchase" and should reach
the Ministry on or before 18th
April, 1954.

3. "MAINE" R.N. Hospital
Ship of about 750 G.R.T., 400
N.R.T. Length 423'3", Breadth
52'3". Built 1925 by Ansaldo,
San Giorgio, Genoa. Engines by
Ansaldo, Samsiergarens. 4
steam turbines A.M. geared to
4 shafts. 4 watertube boilers
Room 4017, Berkeley Square
House, London, W.1. Envelopes
should be clearly marked "offer
to purchase" and should reach
the Ministry on or before 18th
April, 1954.

4. Further particulars and
copies of the form of purchase
agreement can be obtained from
the Ministry of Transport and
Civil Aviation, Room 4017, at
the above address. (Telephone
No. Mayfair 9434. Extension
2330).

5. The Minister will not
accept responsibility for any
errors or omissions in the
particulars and description of
the ship or for any information
which the person submitting an
offer may have obtained from
any other source.

6. The Minister does not bind
himself to accept any offer
submitted, and his selection of
any offer may be subject to
approval.

7. Y. W. HOOD
Ministry of Transport and
Civil Aviation, Room 4017,
Berkeley Square House, London,
W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 9434.
Extension: 2330.